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AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF

ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS

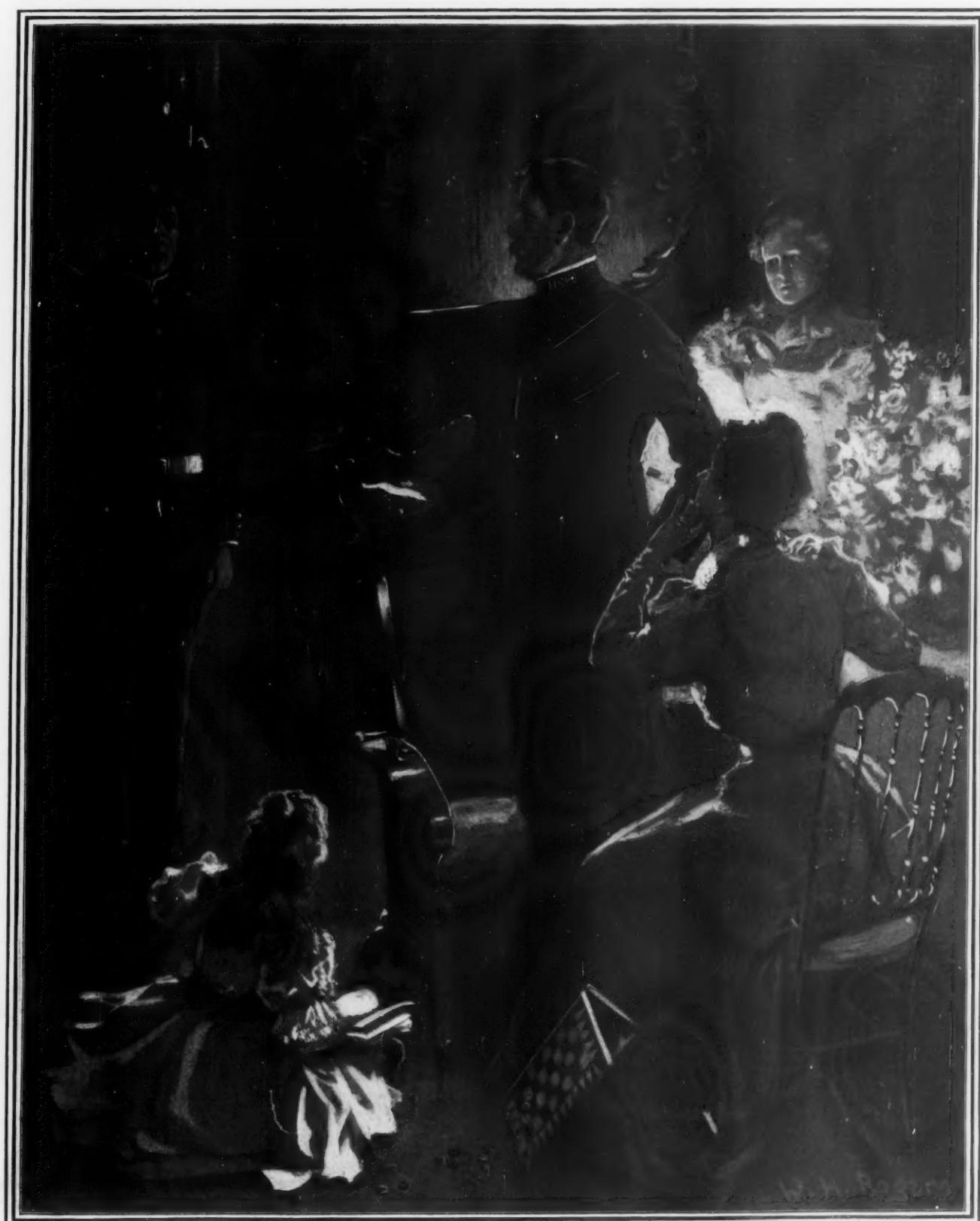


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VOL TWENTY-ONE NO 3

NEW YORK APRIL 23, 1898

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THE CALL TO DUTY

"MY RESPECTS TO THE CAPTAIN. TELL HIM I SHALL REPORT IN AN HOUR, AS ORDERED."

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

NEW YORK APRIL TWENTY-THIRD 1898

WHATEVER may be the conclusion of our difficulty with Spain, we will have had the benefit of some much-needed overhauling and drill of our army. The Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are admirable national defenses—so good, indeed, that the officers of the army have been almost alone in demanding anything additional, with the proper complement of weapons, and opportunities to make these effective, in time of need, by training the men who would first be called upon to use them. As to offensive warfare, even in an island smaller than the State of New York and against a European nation poorer in character and material than any other but Portugal, and three thousand miles away from the probable scene of conflict, Congress never made any provision for such a possibility. There has not been a division or brigade drill by United States troops since the Civil War ended, and lucky has been the colonel who could even get enough of his skeleton regiment together for a battalion drill. Three of our general officers were division commanders—thirty-three years ago; none of the others ever handled a brigade. Past neglect of such details was proof of fine confidence, but of nothing that was creditable to common sense.

WAR-TALK in the United States has prevented general mention of the most notable military success achieved by British commanders in many a day. The scene was in Africa, between the Nile and the Atbara, and most of the victorious troops were Egyptians, but their commander and his lieutenants were English. They attacked the lines of the dervishes, who fought hard and long, but were finally driven far from the field, leaving behind them about three thousand dead and wounded, as well as their general, whom the victors captured. This appears to have been the first battle in which the latest types of "machine" guns had ample opportunity to show their quality; the loss of the enemy testifies sufficiently to the efficacy of the weapons, for to have hit three thousand men in a short engagement, with an army partially fortified, and not believed to be large, is an extraordinary percentage of mortality.

WAR—even preparation for war—may always be depended upon to create some new taxes, not one of which can by any possibility become popular. The House Committee of Ways and Means is already at work upon a bill, and have determined upon beer, tea, coffee, tobacco and bank checks as objects from which revenue can be obtained most speedily and surely—from bank checks because people cannot do business without them, and from the other articles, called luxuries, because people would not do without them if they could. But taxation is too slow a means of raising money for immediate use, so an early bond issue is to be expected; indeed, it has been reported from Washington that the plates are already being engraved in anticipation of the inevitable.

THE published portions of the consular reports from Cuba, that were submitted to Congress with the President's Message, have probably impressed the public more deeply than all the news reports that were sent from the unhappy island. For months, even for years, there has been a suspicion that the stories of Spanish barbarism in Cuba consisted of a few facts and a great mass of embellishment that was done for partisan or factional purpose. The consular reports, however, abounded in recitals quite as harrowing as any that have appeared in the newspapers; they substantiated, in general, the mass of news despatches on individual cases. Quite as effective as some of the statements were the omissions that were noted in course of publication; from the context it was generally supposed that the passages withheld were of details too shocking and revolting to be described in plain print, and journalists who had conversed with some of the consuls were quick to intimate that the opposition was correct.

THE REASONS FOR INTERVENTION

ONCEASONALLY a national grievance is so many-sided that a comprehensive statement of it is hard to obtain. Of this nature is the American feeling against Spain, on account of conditions in Cuba. Almost any detail of the situation is so large and of character so peculiar that it arrests and holds the attention of any one who many contemplate it.

Our reasons for intervening in Cuba are of two classes—political and sentimental. Many American citizens and millions of American capital were fully occupied in Cuba when the war began, but since 1895 it has been impossible to till the sugar plantations and cut the cane, the mills have been destroyed and the owners are impoverished, or ruined. American commerce with the island has dwindled to less than one-fourth of its normal amount, and even this fraction has been conducted at much risk. In our endeavors to live up to the spirit of our neutrality laws, and prevent aliens or any of our own people making of the United States a base of supplies for a faction rebelling against a power with which we were at peace, a large portion of the American navy has been employed to prevent hostile expeditions—always small—from leaving our shores. It is beneath the dignity of the United States to employ battleships, cruisers and revenue cutters on guard for occasional small steamers against which Spain should be able to guard Cuba's shores. For these reasons, entirely good, according to the practice of nations, we have the right to demand that peace must be restored in Cuba. Spain cannot restore it, so we must assume the task.

Sentimentally, the people of the United States—a nation which owes its existence to having thrown off a foreign yoke—are in sympathy with the Cubans, who would free themselves from Spanish domination. Wherever and whenever Spain was in control on the Western Hemisphere her touch was death, and four centuries of experience have indicated that she is unwilling or incompetent to mend her ways. Her savagery toward the aborigines of the West Indies is detailed by Spanish historians with a minuteness and unconsciousness that are alike appalling; the reported facts—the worst have been withheld from print—of Spain's treatment of the reconcentrados, with the awful suffering and mortality that have followed, have been obtained principally from Spanish officials, yet they indicate conditions as shocking as the Bulgarian atrocities which a few years ago roused Europe to force Turkey further toward Asia and the barbarians among whom she belongs. It is not a hasty expression of the excitable element of our population, but the settled conviction of the observing and thinking class, that the Spanish nature, as a whole, is devoid of the ordinary humane sentiments. For the savagery of Spain in Cuba to continue would be a disgrace to the nearest nation that had power to prevent it. We are that nation, and our duty is made doubly imperative by the unwillingness of foreign powers to interfere, and by our own long-cherished Monroe Doctrine, which, by forbidding foreign interference in any American affairs, puts us under compulsion to prevent great crimes against humanity in the Western Hemisphere.

It would be idle to deny—on the contrary, it should be asserted plainly—that the loss of the *Maine* is a potent cause of America's warlike feeling against Spain. There may be lack of direct proof that the destruction of the *Maine* and most of her crew was effected by Spaniards and under official direction, but the circumstantial evidence is of quality and quantity so enormous that a verdict against Spain has been given by a jury consisting of all Americans who are not idiots or cranks. Cabinet officers, Congressmen of all parties and factions, naval and military officers, jurists, a great majority of the ablest and least excitable journalists, all "suspended judgment" for weeks and hoped that their suspicions might be proved groundless, but the course of events—all Spanish—have changed suspicions into firm convictions. Had Spain wished to intensify this conviction she could not have devised a better course than she has followed. Formal expressions of regret were indeed made soon after the disaster, by Spanish officials, civil and military, but there has been an entire lack of the manifestations which would have accompanied sincere disavowal and disapproval.

For smaller reasons than any of those instanced above, modern nations have gone into wars which they believed would be righteous. Who, then, can wonder at the attitude of the United States toward Spain?

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

M R. MCKINLEY'S message on the Cuban question has but slowly received the commendation to which it was entitled, for it failed to please either the excitable or the peace-at-any-price class. Yet it is exactly what the occasion prompted and the nation needed—an honest, comprehensive, temperate statement, by the highest authority known among us, of the condition of Cuba and its inhabitants, of our government's efforts to end the conflict and to alleviate suffering, of Spain's promises and performances, Europe's attitude, and our own rights and duties at the present time.

The President reviews Cuban revolutions, present and past, with the losses they entailed upon American commerce and the

expense and annoyance to which we were subjected in our efforts to maintain our neutrality laws, referred to the failure of our efforts at mediation, and retold the dismal story of reconcentration, starvation and cruelty. He referred to the Cabinet changes in Spain, caused by the assassination of Prime Minister Canovas, and the assurances of the Sagasta Cabinet that more humane methods would thereafter prevail in hostilities in Cuba, and admitted that early in April the Captain-general of Cuba declared that the *reconcentrados* would be allowed to return to their homes.

Nevertheless, the President declares in his message that "the war in Cuba is of such a nature that, short of subjugation or extermination, a final military victory for either side seems impossible." Thus believing, he made to Spain some proposals, late in March, in the interest of immediate peace, but declares their reception was disappointing. The destruction of the *Maine*, by whatever exterior cause, he refers to as "a patent and expressive proof of a state of things in Cuba that is intolerable. . . . The Spanish government cannot assure safety and security to a vessel of the United States navy in the harbor of Havana on a mission of peace, and rightfully there."

Recognition of the insurgent government of Cuba the President regards as inexpedient, and quotes precedents from the State papers of Presidents Jackson and Grant. He finds grounds of intervention in the barbarous methods of warfare in Cuba, our duty to our own citizens on the island, the injury that is being inflicted on our commerce by the continuance of the war, and, finally, our menaced peace and extraordinary expenses, all caused by the conflict in Cuba.

Methods of intervention are discussed in the message, but the recommendation is made clearly that we should intervene. "The only hope of relief and repose from a condition which can no longer be endured is the enforced pacification of Cuba. In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests which give us the right and the duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop. In view of these facts and of these considerations, I ask the Congress to authorize and empower the President to take measures to secure a full and final termination of hostilities between the government of Spain and the people of Cuba, and to secure in the island and the establishment of a stable government capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations, insuring peace and tranquillity and the security of its citizens as well as our own, and to use the military and naval forces of the United States as may be necessary for these purposes."

It is difficult to imagine how a President's message could be more temperate in tone or of stronger and more dignified conclusion.

SHADOWS

BY ALICE MEYNELL



NE of several good reasons for leaving blank, unvexed, and unencumbered with paper patterns, the ceiling and walls of a simple house is that the plain surface may be visited by the unique designs of shadows. The opportunity is so fine a thing that it ought oftener to be offered to the light and to yonder handful of long sedges and rushes in a vase. Their slender gray design of shadows upon your white walls is better than a tedious, trivial, or anxious repetition of diaper or flower in colors.

The shadow has all intricacies of perspective simply translated into line and intersecting curve, and pictorially presented to the eyes, not to the mind. The shadow knows nothing except its flat designs. It is single; it draws a decoration that was never seen before, and will never be seen again, and that, untouched, varies with the journey of the sun, shifts the interrelation of a score of delicate lines at the mere passing of time, though all the room be motionless. There is, after all, a dreadful fixity in other drawings. Why will art insist upon its importunate immobility? Wiser is the drama, and wiser the dance, that do not pause upon an attitude. But these walk with passion or pleasure, while the shadow walks with the earth. It alters as the hours wheel.

Moreover, while the habit of your sunward thoughts is still flowing southward, after the winter and the spring, it surprises you in the sudden gleam of a northwesterly sun. It decks a new wall; it is shed by a late sunset through a window unvisited for a year past; it betrays the flitting of the sun into unwatched skies—a sun that takes the midsummer world in the rear, and is able to alight on an unused horizon. So does the gray drawing, with which you have allowed the sun and your pot of rushes to adorn your room, play the stealthy game of the year.

But the luxury, the extravagance of shadows, is for lamplight. With the tender designs of lamplight shadows you can make your plain room ready for a gala night. It is a festival of leaves and lines, and you can let your fancy go wild, as the London householder's does in the ordering of upholsteries of a more solid kind, and paintings out of the exhibitions. You need not stint yourself of shadows, for an occasion.

These, too, the lamps cast upon your ceiling, which the sun shadows leave unvisited. And it is the best field for this manner of decoration, inasmuch as, however plain your surfaces may be, the ceiling is generally still the plainest. These two lamps make of one palm-branch a symmetrical counterchange of shadows, and here two palm-branches close with one another in shadow, their arches flowing together, and their paler grays darkening. It is hard to believe that there is an enormous majority of people who prefer a "repeating pattern."

In fact, it is difficult to persuade a world so persistently busy in the work of spoiling the simplicity of surfaces that shadows are in any sense a sufficient decoration. Nay, it does not see them. It will speak of a blank wall, and apparently will see it as a blank, even when the warm white is but the ground of a wavering, various, and sensitive "impression" of shades. We are often told that the artist should learn to leave out; but it would seem that it is the absolutely unpictorial man who habitually leaves out, who is unaware of things that would be conspicuous to a simple eye, but who has a trick of seeing local color, for instance, without its thousand accidents of air, of climate, and of light.

Nevertheless, one must grant to him that a gray day robs of their decoration the walls that should be sprinkled with shadows. But why should not a plaque or a picture be kept for hanging on shadowless days? To dress a room once for all, and to give it no more heed, is to neglect the units of the days.

But indoor shadows are only messages from that world of shadows which is the landscape of mid-May. Facing a May sun you see little except an infinite number of shadows. Atoms of shadow—be the day bright enough—compose the very air through which you see the light. The trees show you a shadow for every leaf, and the poplars are sprinkled upon the shining sky with little shadows that look translucent. The liveliness of every shadow is that some light is reflected into it; shade and shine have been entangled as though by some wild wind through their million molecules.

The coolness and the dark of night are never unlocked from a day of unveiled sun. Only if you turn your back on the sun are the innumerable shadows eclipsed and effaced. Turn southward again and they come to life, and are themselves the life, the activity, and the transparency of their day.

To eyes tired and retired all day within lowered blinds, the light looks stiff and changeless. So many squares of sunshine abide for so many hours, and when the sun has circled away they pass and are extinguished. Him who lies alone there the outer world touches less by this long sunshine than by the haste and passage of a shadow. That sign of the sun visits him more brilliantly than does the sunlight. Although there may be no tree to stand between his window and the south, and although no noonday wind may blow a branch of roses across the blind, shadows and their life will be carried across by a bird.

To the sick man a cloud-shadow is nothing but an eclipse; he cannot see its shape, its color, its approach, or its flight. It does but darken the window as it darkens the day, and is gone again; he does not see it pluck and snatch the sunshine, and for him it has no edge. But the flying bird shows him wings. What flash of light could be more bright for him than such a flash of darkness? It is the pulse of life, where all change had seemed to be charmed. If he had seen the bird itself he would have seen less—the bird's shadow was a message from the sun.

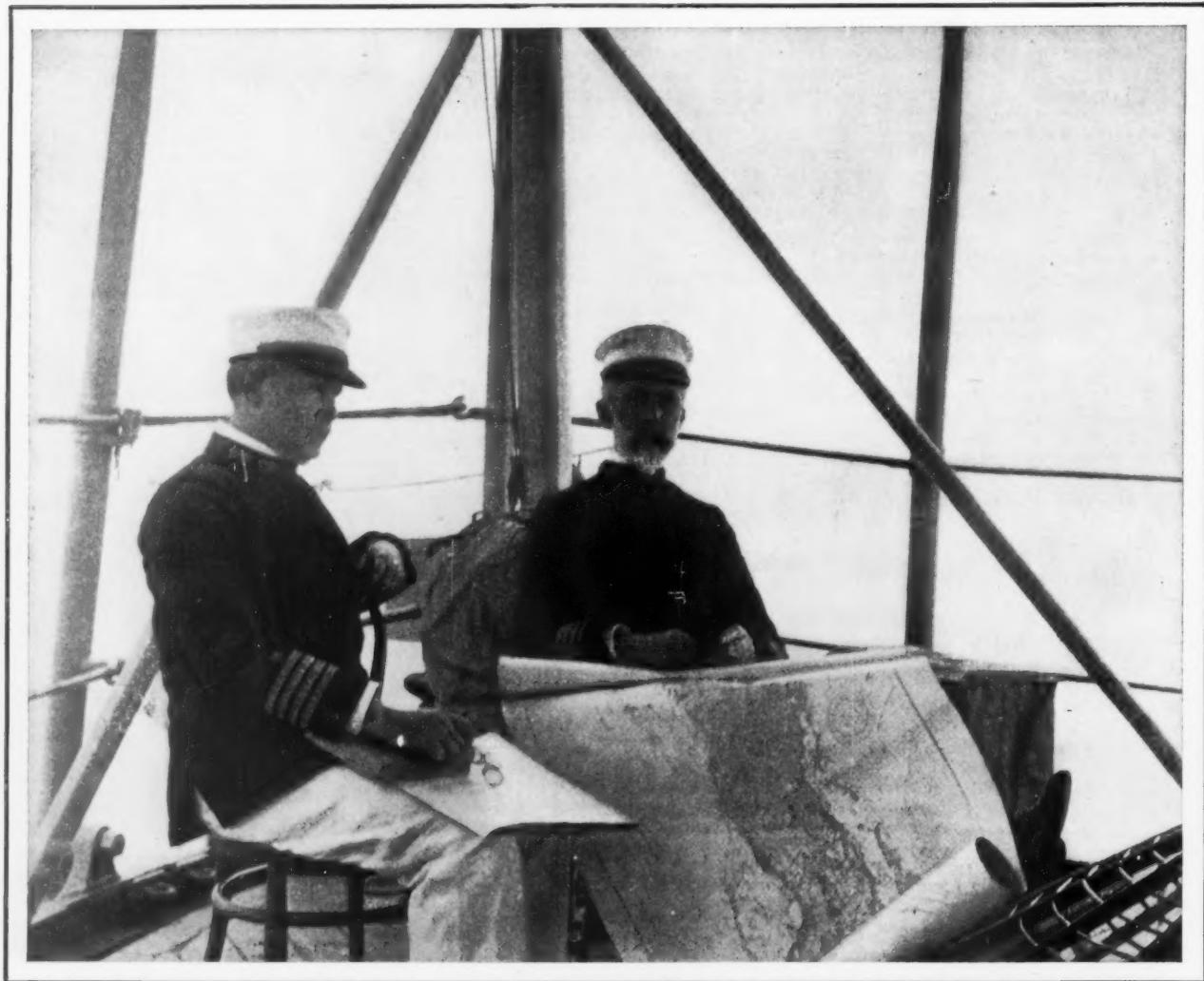
There are two separated flights for the fancy to follow—the flight of the bird in the air, and the flight of its shadow on earth. This goes across the window blind, across the wood, where it is astray for a while in the shades; it dips into the valley, growing vaguer and larger, runs, quicker than the wind, uphill, smaller and darker on the soft and dry grass, and rushes to meet its bird when the bird swoops to a branch and clings.

In the great bird country of the northeastern coasts of England, about Holy Island and the basaltic rocks, the shadows of the high birds are the movement and the beating heart of the solitude. Where there are no woods to dip and ripple and make a shade, the sun suffers the brilliant eclipse of flocks of pearl-white sea birds, or of the solitary creature driving on the wind. Theirs is always a surprise of flight. The clouds go one way, and the birds go all ways: in from the sea or out, across the sands, inland to high northern fields, where the crops are late by a month. They fly so high that though they have the shadow of the sun under their wings, they have the light of the earth there also. The waves and the coast shine up to them, and they fly between lights.

Black flocks and white they gather their delicate shadows up, "swift as dreams," at the end of their flight into the clefts, platforms, and ledges of harborless rocks facing the North Sea. They subside by degrees, with lessening and shortening volleys of wings and cries until there comes the general shadow of night.

All shadows cease at that approach. It is the gentlest of all shades, and all others close with it. The flutters of those pulses rest. And the only visible shadowless flight is the flight of bats.

The evening is the shadow of another flight. All the birds have traced wild and innumerable paths across the mid-May earth; their shadows have fled all day faster than her streams, and have overtaken all the movement of her wingless creatures. But now it is the flight of the very earth that hides the sun.



CAPTAIN SAMPSON, COMMANDER OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON, AND CAPTAIN CHADWICK OF THE "NEW YORK"

OUR NAVAL ILLUSTRATIONS

IT was the good fortune of our special artist at Key West to "snap" a camera at the commander of the North Atlantic squadron while that officer was conversing with Captain Chadwick, who was associated with him in the Board of Inquiry on the *Maine* disaster. The map on Captain Sampson's knee indicates the probable subject of conversation.

On pages 20 and 21 are some reproductions of photographs illustrating interesting facts and conditions ashore and afloat near Key West. The quartermaster on lookout is given special prominence because he maintains it on every vessel within the area of disturbance; no matter how small the craft, the man with the long glass is almost always visible from dawn to dusk.

The *Puritan* is the only monitor on the Atlantic coast that has twelve-inch rifled guns and the only one in the service that has four of these; the *Monterey*, on the Pacific coast, has two. The largest modern guns of our other monitors are of ten-inch caliber, and each throws a projectile weighing about five hundred pounds; a difference of two inches of diameter does not appear great to the non-military mind, yet the projectile of a twelve-inch gun weighs almost or quite a thousand pounds, and its comparative value, for armor piercing, is even greater.

The circular packages pictured on page 20, and looking like a stack of innocent tin pails, are all of canister—probably the variety of ammunition which soldiers and sailors of all climes most dread to face, for there is no chance of escape for any one within twenty feet of its line of direction as it leaves a gun.

The small picture above the stack of canister shows how war vessels are stripped, inside as well as outside, in preparing for action. The ward-room, which is the dining-room and general gathering-place of the ship's officers, never had superfluous furniture; neither has any officer's cabin, yet the picture shows what was sent ashore from a single small vessel, and there was more to follow.

A torpedo boat is probably the most exciting and uncomfortable post of duty to which men can be assigned, but whenever coaling-day comes the crew congratulate themselves on their luck, for the coaling of gunboat, cruiser or battleship is a long, wearisome, dirty, temper-spoiling job of stowage for all the "jackies" aboard, while a torpedo boat carries so little coal that a full supply can be dumped from the deck and through a chute into the bunkers. Hence the affection of some old sailors for

"long coffins," as the torpedo boats are called in the service. The picture of a portion of the *Marblehead* suggests a vessel that is being put "in ordinary," which is the naval equivalent of laying away or putting out of use; but our view of the *Marblehead* indicates the highest visible sign of fighting efficiency of any craft—the absence of everything that might be in line with one of the vessel's own projectiles or that might be resolved into irregular projectiles by a shot from the enemy. There is not a stanchion, rail, davit or anything else movable left on the deck of a ship fully stripped for action; whatever cannot be stowed below or sent ashore is lowered from the line of fire and lashed to the deck or the side, so the handsomest ship's deck looks as bare and lonesome as a house that has been stripped of its furniture.

More grimly suggestive, however, than any other news that has come from the fleet is our picture of the stowing of the *Iowa*'s boats ashore. Ships' boats always were nuisances in battle, for they could be reduced to splinters by any sort of projectiles, and splinters are merciless. Consequently it was long the custom to put them overboard when preparing for action, and tow them astern, where they could be recovered in case of need. The adoption of screw propellers compelled a change of method, for the tow-lines were likely to cripple a ship by fouling the screw; so the newest plan is to toss them overboard, draw the plugs from their bottoms, so they will fill but not sink, tie them together, and let them drift, with the hope that they may be found and restored to their places after an engagement or a false alarm. To send all boats ashore, however, from a ship that is going to sea in search of a fight is very like burning an army's bridges behind it; in case of utter defeat there is no way of return except by swimming. At sea this way may be very, very long, and ships of steel and iron cannot be merciful, like the old-fashioned "hearts of oak," to the extent of supplying floatable fragments of themselves to their beaten sailors who are averse to capture and to drowning. It is to be assumed, however, that a modern battleship cannot be sunk in action except by torpedoes, for she has armored sides and a protective deck; her sides above the armor-line may be riddled and everything but her turrets, barbettes and superstructure be carried away, yet she will float, and her engines will do their work unless a torpedo strikes her below the water-line, or a projectile equally dangerous is dropped upon her deck.

A POPULAR HERO

CONSUL-GENERAL LEE'S return to the United States and his journey to Washington resembled the triumphal march of a conqueror. Port Tampa, Florida, is a small place, and the station "grounds" consist principally of platform, pier, and the bridges leading thereto from the nearby hotel and other buildings, all upon piles. Yet when the Consul-general came ashore a detachment of Florida's Naval Reserve, two bands of music, and several hundred people of all classes, from wealthy tourists and prominent business men to ragged darkies, had packed themselves into the small available space, and all were taking active part in the general demonstration of welcome.

As the train started a petty officer of the navy, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the Consul-general, attempted to clamber upon the car platform upon which Lee stood waving farewells. The man failed to get a footing, he fell, and was picked up by our special artist, who had just stepped from the car, where General Lee had granted him a special sitting for the portrait herewith given. Noting the accident, General Lee ordered the train backed that he might learn the extent of the man's injuries; then the cheering and music broke forth again and continued until the train finally disappeared from view.

At Tampa, ten miles distant, business was suspended for the day, and when the train bearing General Lee and his party arrived the town was gay with flags, and the railway station was surrounded by thousands of Americans of all shades of complexion, also thousands of Cubans (cigar-making being Tampa's principal industry), and all were cheering lustily.

As the train passed through Florida and into Georgia there were cheering crowds at every station, although the object of interest was obliged to dash past most of them at the rate of a mile a minute. At Savannah, where a stop was necessary, all the militia organizations of the city turned out, likewise all the brass bands, a battery of artillery fired a major-general's salute, at least ten thousand people roared themselves hoarse, and several enthusiasts nominated General Lee for the Presidency. The excitement was intensified, wherever the train stopped, by veterans who had fought with General Lee in the Civil War and who pressed forward to exchange greetings. When daylight waned, thousands of bonfires illuminated the route of travel.

It was at Richmond, however, General Lee's home, and in the State of which he had been Governor, that the greatest demonstrations were made. The railway authorities showed themselves equal to the occasion by clearing the station yards of all cars, wagons, etc., and the space was packed with people, among whom were thousands of women and children. Governor Tyler and his entire staff were there; so were all of Richmond's militia and veteran organizations, and at least a dozen bands played "Dixie," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Auld Lang

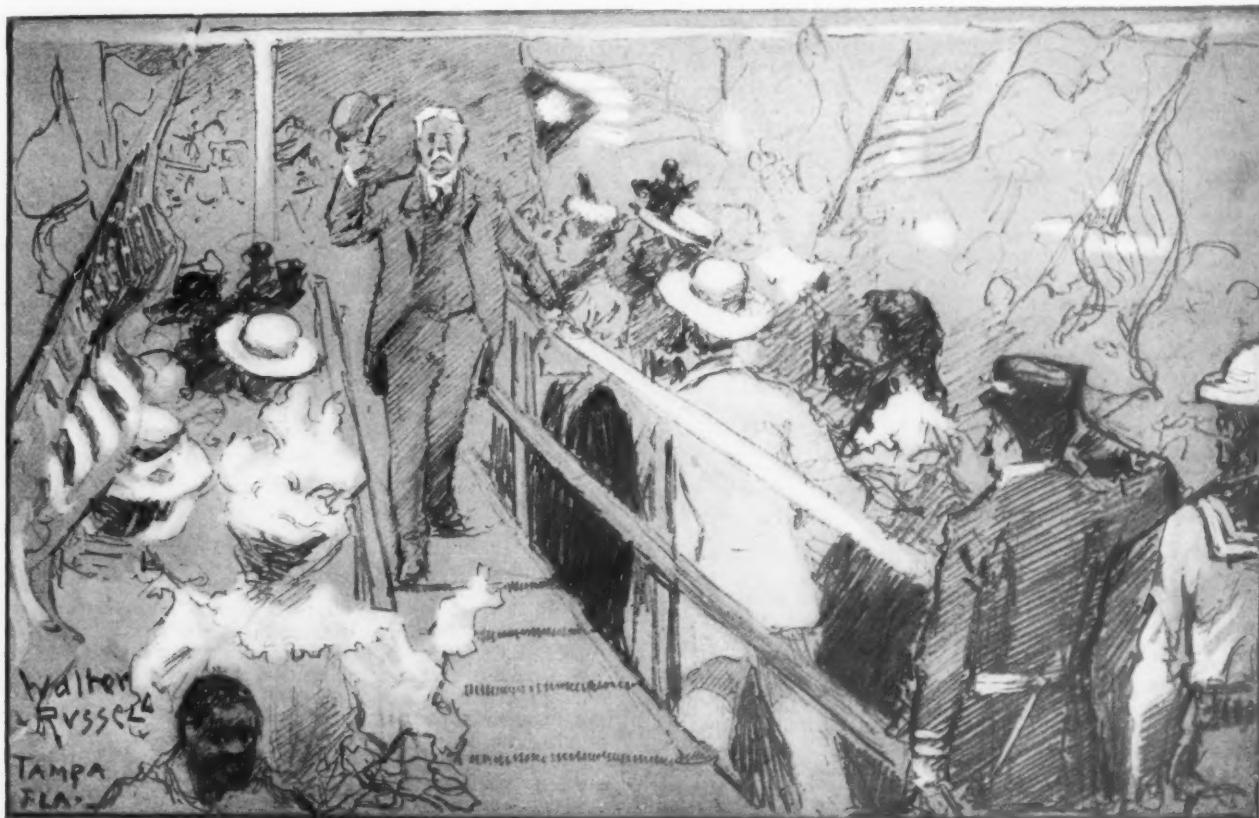


CONSUL-GENERAL LEE

From a Sketch made at Port Tampa, April 11, by our Art Editor, Mr. Walter Russell

Syne," and were almost unheard because of the continuous cheering.

Even at Washington, a city containing hundreds of men of national prominence, there were unusual demonstrations, which continued to and inside of the doors of the State Department and of the White House itself. Never before did an American official returning from foreign duty receive a welcome like that accorded Consul-general Lee.



ARRIVAL OF CONSUL-GENERAL LEE AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA, APRIL ELEVENTH



OUR NOTE-BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS



UBA, la siempre fiel isla, the ever faithful isle, as Spain with endearing sweetness used to call her, ceased, not recently, as many think, but long ago to see any beauty in fidelity. It was early in the present century that she first dreamed of setting up for herself. Even then the revolutionists were gathering. To her chocolate eyes they twanged their serenades. In her coral ear they whispered. The burden of the ballad had already stirred her sisters-in-law, the sultana States of Central and of South America. Spain says they were led astray. They were not. They bolted. Cuba would have bolted too. At her first effort Spain caged her. She was one of the last of the odaliskes in the splendid seraglio which had covered half the earth. She was one of the loveliest. She was too fair to be free. She beat at the bars. Spain felled her. She stretched her hands. The cage was replaced by chains, tyranny by torture. In her anguish she cried for aid. She has been crying for years. It is only recently that the world has heard her.

CUBA AND THE CONQUISTADOR

Spain's conquest of Cuba occurred when the latter was quite young, new to the world, unused to its ways. She gave her heart at once. Spain, too, fell in love. The affection was mutual. But affections are like slippers. They will wear out. Spain, who began by being Chesterfield, and who has ended in being Sykes, forgot the fact. Cuba, meanwhile, from a maiden had developed into a matron. When the serenades of the revolutionists first hummed in her ears there were two or three variations that she lay awake to consider. Summarily they are worth noting. They constitute the burden of the ballad which had stirred her sisters-in-law. First is geography. The Puerta del Sol is rather far from the Prado. Second is ethnography. The native, after having been displaced by the Spaniard, had been succeeded by the creole. Another race had come. Third is psychology. In every affection there is the germ of hate. The lady was accumulating grievances. Fourth is contagion. The defection of the other odaliskes had made her ambitious. Fifth is suffocation. On the heart of Cuba was the Conquistador—the individual who came over the sea from another shore and who battened on her vitals. Add to these things others which followed, the brutality of might, frailty pinioned by force, sneers as an answer to sobs, blows as a corrective for beauty, and the transformation of la siempre fiel isla into Cuba Libre is in accordance with the best principles of logic. History tells of yesterday, poetry of to-morrow, science and religion tell of all time, but politics tell of to-day and of to-day alone. In the chapter which this island has been writing and which the world has stopped to read there is the eternal spirit of liberty for inspiration. But with it there is much that is temporary. Wall Street is aware of it. So, too, is the Paris Bourse.

THE SAFFRON CITY

Habana is bounded by beauty on one side, by ignorance on the other. The approach to it, particularly in the early morning, is exceeded in loveliness by perhaps but two or three other ports. There are many exquisite things in the world, and among them, near the head of the list, stands dawn in the tropics. It is sudden as love and just as fair. Dawn in the Havanese harbor is a foretaste of what paradise may be. The tourist who has sailed that way passes a night beneath stars that are larger and more neighborly than our own. The water, too, is different. At Key West it looks like a lawn in May. It has the same asparagus-green. Then it changes. It becomes seamed with phosphorus. As the stars disappear it changes again, and very suddenly, into a syrup of opals. At the horizon is a tender pink. Overhead is a fusion of salmon and of blue. Just beyond, within rifle range, is an amphitheatre of houses party-colored as rainbows, tiara'd with the pearl points of a cathedral, girdled with the yellow walls of a crumbling fort. Every city has an aspect and an odor of its own. Paris, for instance, has a white sky and smells like a pretty woman. The aspect of Havana is saffron. It smells of rancid oil. In addition it suggests Seville. Though the Moors have never been there, it looks as though they had. There is a saying which runs, Que no ha vista Sevilla no ha vista maravilla—not to have seen Seville is not to have seen a marvel. In view of recent events it is proper and pertinent to give the saying a twist—Que no ha vista Habana, ha vista nada. It does not rhyme as well, but as Nada means Nothing it ought to pass in a crowd.

THE OPINIONS OF FIRE MOUNTAIN

Mount St. Helens, the volcano in the Cascade range of southern Washington, has erupted. It had every excuse. In this

neighborhood, a short time ago, a Sword of Flame leaped from some scabbard in the sky. Then a comet shot into view. Presently San Francisco shook. A fortnight since the moon was trying on helmets. One need not be surprised at St. Helens. It wanted to be in the movement. It has been there before. Locally known as the Fire Mountain, it carried on at a great rate in 1845. Its sides ran with lava. It pitched ashes fifty miles away. Here the plot thickens. It was then that war with Mexico was declared. Another expression of its opinions occurred in 1854. At the time the American steamer *Black Warrior* had just been seized by Spain. A little later there were barricades in Madrid, and there was also the exodus of Isabella the Queen. These instances are not coincidences. But it is an old superstition that the upheavals of nature beoken a change in the affairs of man. A superstition is a hope.

THE IRON MASK

M. Anatole Loquin, president of the Bordelais Académie des Sciences, has recently published a work—in two volumes—which, if apropos to nothing in particular, is none the less important. It concerns the Iron Mask. Who was he? History does not know. M. Loquin does. Hence the importance of his work. But though history does not know, it has its suspicions. The majority of them circulate about Louis XIV. Sometimes the Iron Mask becomes that Bourbon's son. Sometimes he is his twin, sometimes his elder, brother. The latter idea has been most generally accepted. And naturally. If it be true it de-legitimizes the rest of the dynasty. According to this theory the person who reigned under the style and title of Louis XIV. was the son of Mazarin and was substituted by him and by Anne of Austria in place of the rightful heir when through the death of Louis XIII. they became the rulers of France. Everything is possible and such may have been the case. Others have held differently. It has been thought that the Iron Mask may have been Fouquet, immured to please Mme. de Maintenon. It has been thought that he was the Duke of Monmouth, whose execution, ordered by his uncle, James II., was then modified by the aid of the French King into fantastic imprisonment in the Bastille. It has been thought also that he was the son of Marie of Neubourg, Queen of Spain, whom Victor Hugo paraded through the pages of "Ruy Blas." It has been thought that he was an Armenian patriarch, that he was Cromwell's son, that he was the Chevalier de Rohan. It has been thought, too, that he was not a man but a woman. M. Loquin shares none of these ideas. To him the Iron Mask was Molière. It takes him two whole volumes to say so, but in the end he succeeds. Molière dearly loved a jest. Here is one which his ghost must relish.

THE RETURN OF A TITAN

Mr. Robert Mitchell, in a paper recently submitted to the Royal Geographical Society, stated, or rather, to be exact, is reported to have stated, that, journeying latterly on the eastern slope of the Caucasus, the attention of his field-glass was attracted to an escarpment summit. There, chained to a rock, stood a giant at whose vitals an eagle plucked. Mr. Mitchell endeavored to approach and to assist. In that attempt he failed, but evidence collated in the neighborhood proved that he had beheld Prometheus. This is a step in the right direction. Recently the tomb of Osiris was discovered and discussed. More recently still the jewel-case of the Buddha was unearthed and inventoried. The sepulcher of a myth and the casket of a divinity are all very well, but as was noted at the time they are insufficient. It is not the real estate and personal property of the decedents that is required, it is the decedents themselves; not the goods, but the gods. A titan is the next best thing. The discovery of Prometheus, even in a mummified condition, would put the nose of Osiris out of joint; but his discovery alive and, I was about to say, kicking, exceeds everything which the archaeologists in Assyria, in the Argolis, and Egypt have produced. There is now no legitimate reason why the entire galaxy that saunter through the pages of Lemprière should not enchant the world once more. Let some one urge Aphrodite to descend from her high place in Paphos. It would be nice to see her again. Let Phœbus, too, be urged to come down from Parnassus. It would be pleasant, also, to have him around. That failing, if some of the gentlemen who are busy in finding things before they are lost will excavate the divine afflatus, they need not for the present bother any more at reorganizing an Olympian fancy ball. They are fancy enough themselves.

THE RETURN OF THE TRUFFLE

While Mr. Mitchell was engaged in materializing a myth for the benefit of the Royal Geographical Society, the Comte de Grammont was disposing for the benefit of the Académie des Sciences of another. M. de Grammont is a descendant of the house of Foix. Ermengarde, one of its earliest châtelaines, was instrumental in founding the Court of Love. The circumstance is interesting as an evidence of transmitted tendencies. M. de Grammont addressed the Académie on the subject of truffles. Truffles have always been regarded as the food which the couriers of that court preferred. Brillat Savarin, in his work on Gastronomy, says of them that they make women more winning and men more easily won. It was not that attribute, however, which M. de Grammont considered. Precisely as pearls

are held to be a postule of the oyster so have truffles been believed to be a disease of the oak. It was that idea which this gentleman exploded. He explained the germination and birth of their sporids, their ensuing vapid and vegetable loves. He showed, too, that they may be artificially nursed and cultivated and put on the table of the humblest home. There is a consumption to be wished. Apart from the advantage already indicated they resemble nothing so much as Clos de Vougeot in solid form. But they are dear. In a Paris restaurant the deponent once saw a dish of six served, like potatoes, in a napkin. The man who had ordered them ate five and asked for the bill. It was sixty francs. He paid it and started to leave. The waiter reminded him that he had forgotten to tip. "Not at all," he replied, "I have left you a truffle." He regarded himself as highly generous. So he was. It is reported from Maryland that the terrapin is disappearing. Let it disappear. If M. de Grammont's process is put in practice that horrid little turtle with its nasty sauce may be replaced by something fit.

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF THE NORTH

Ibsen, whose seventieth birthday the Press at large recently celebrated, was for a long time a neglected writer. With recognition came abuse. He was described as a loathsome toad. Ibsenism and Obscenism grew into a synonym. To-day he is forgiven. Presently he will be forgot. There are the stages of literary life. There, too, are its rewards. Of the ultimate oblivion, the fate which overtakes every name, however resonant, Stevenson has briefly and beautifully told:

"We uncommiserate pass into the night
From the loud banquet, and departing leave
A tremor in men's memories, faint and sweet
And frail as music. Features of our face,
The tones of voice, the touch of the loved hand,
Perish and vanish, one by one, from earth;
Meanwhile, in the hall of song, the multitude
Applauds the new performer. One, perchance,
One ultimate survivor lingers on;
And smiles, and to his ancient heart recalls
The long forgotten. Ere the morrow die,
He, too, returning, through the curtain comes,
And the new age forgets us and goes on."

MATTERS LITERARY

Ibsen has not been abused merely. He has been thoroughly hated. A year ago he produced a play. The title is "John Gabriel Borkman." It glitters as a sword does. It is just as hard, just as cold, just as brilliant and just as sharp. It appears to have wounded a number of people. Into Björnsen it dug deep. The latter was suffering from a repletion of pride. Jealousy ensued. He tried to pick a quarrel. Ibsen turned his back. The episode is but another among the many with which the annals of literature abound. Jealousy is regarded as a disease of small minds. It is by no means restricted to them. Great men are great babies. Plato never deigned to notice Xenophon and Xenophon was forever snapping at his heels. The reason is clear, they both wrote on the same subject, but Plato wrote best. When Racine read his first tragedy to Corneille, the latter advised him never to write another. Boccaccio offered Petrarch a copy of Dante. Petrarch refused to look at it. Voltaire, with entire impartiality, threw stones at Corneille, at Racine, and at Moliere. Their plays were an insult to the lackluster of his own. When Alfred de Musset was getting talked about and Lamartine was getting old he wrote him a poem beginning, "Poète, je t'écris pour te dire que j'aime." Lamartine never noticed it. Mention Hegel to Schopenhauer and he foamed at the mouth. Those two archgarroters, Saint-Beuve and Jules Janin, happening to meet, said the first: "I think I have seen you somewhere." Said the other: "Yes indeed, I go there now and then." It has been noticed before and may be noted again: The one real hatred is a literary hate. Mediocrity has its advantages. But it has its jealousies too.

THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE

Mr. Henry James, in the current issue of "Literature," states that the romance of fact quite puts to shame the romance of fiction. So it does. Sometimes the reader also. The point, however, is elsewhere. Mr. James is an authority in letters. As a stylist he is unexcelled. As a psychologist he is unexcelled. In the detention of the fugitive and the display of the evanescent he is unapproached. Without being a naturalist he has always been a realist. In his pages there is invariably a vent, an outlet for the escape of a dream which might have come true—and did not. The romance of fiction is less circumspect. There the covers close at an awaited climax, at an altar, at a scaffold, at a honeymoon, at a suicide, at a cradle or at a bier. Mr. James has never offered anything of this kind. If an assumption be worth a row of pins he never will. He has not removed the lid from the other kettle of fish either. The reader has yet to meet a chapter of his which has been torn, bleeding, from life. In that is his charm. Or rather, to be exact, in that is the excellence of his admitted superiority. There are brutalities enough in the press. In an exquisite work by an exquisite master the suggestion that there are such things suffices. Yet if now, in

view of the statement cited, he is to take up a fresh guitar and vacate the introspective for the actual, Zola may look to his editions. At that game, hands down, Mr. James can beat him.

MATTERS METEOROLOGICAL

M. Camille Flammarion, a gentleman who, if economical with ideas of his own, has always made a liberal use of the ideas of others, stated some time ago—after it had been stated before—that the earth was growing colder and that under the equator the last human being would ultimately freeze to death. Mr. Grant Allen, in the course of a recent article, declares that the glacial epoch is now practically at an end, and prophesies the return of the imperceptible winters of anterior days. These statements not being harmonious, it is possible that, as one or the other must be wrong, both may be incorrect. Of the two Mr. Allen's alone deserves consideration. It has the advantage of being original in addition to being in accordance with the observations of the oldest inhabitant. Where it errs is in prognostic. It is not winter that will become imperceptible, it is spring. For that matter, already it has. New York is tossed out of furs into flannels before it has time to hide the former from the moths. Spring has ceased to be. There is no longer any such season—except in the Poet's Corner. Elsewhere it is legendary. There are months that are cold and months that are hot. There is nothing between—a handspring of nature merely, a summersault in which there is summer.

MATTERS ARCHÆOLOGICAL

Mr. Joseph Pennell, in an article which recently appeared in the "Fortnightly Review" traces the bicycle back through time and gives the year 1868 as the date of its origin. With every deference to a gentleman so erudite, the origin of the bicycle is much more remote. From the lips of Achilles himself there came the injunction, "Attend me where I wheel." Cf. Troilus and Cressida. In the footnotes of the late Richard Grant White the machine used is not indicated, yet the model may be assumed to have been similar to that of Margaret, who, in "Much Ado About Nothing," confides to Hero that she likes "the new tire excellently." But these are modern instances. In Ecclesiastes there is mention of a wheel broken at a cistern. Apparently there were others of better quality, perhaps chainless, the same which Ezekiel praised for their appearance and their work. Cf. Eccl. xii. 6, and Ezek. i. 16. The Egyptians used the telephone, and there is not a reason in the world to suppose that they did not also use the bicycle. Though I have no text to support the statement, I have a pretext and that is the recurrence of cycles in the monographs of their day. It is nonsense to regard the bike as a recent invention. At Stoke Poges, in the Church of St. Giles, there is a stained-glass seventeenth century window pictorial of an angel on a velocipede. It is not only nonsense to regard it as a recent invention, it is absurd of Mr. Pennell to palm off spurious archaeology as an original find.

SPANISH PAPERS REQUESTED NOT TO COPY

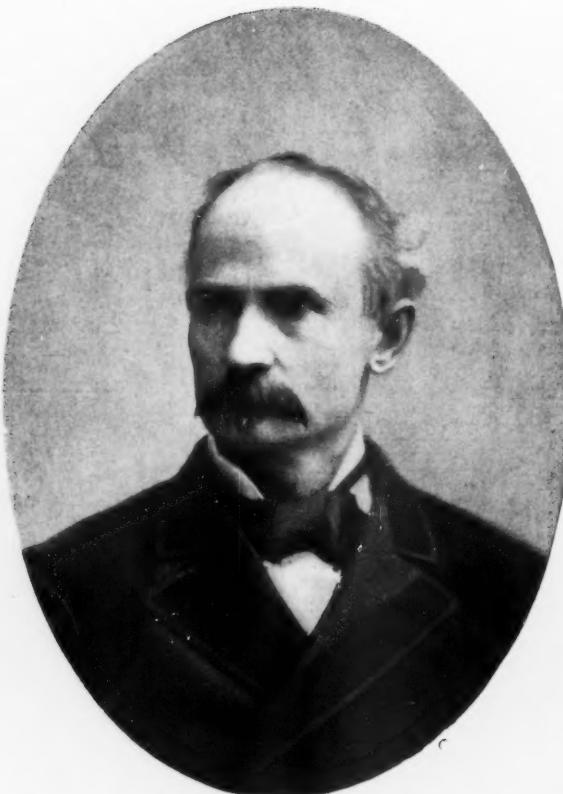
The War Department's attention may—in connection with the foregoing remark—be appropriately directed to a new model. Designed to overcome certain difficulties, it is so arranged that the front wheel can be folded back to the rear. The machine may then, like a dress-suit case, be carried, if not with comfort, at least with ease. It is a trifle heavy, but the inventors have aimed more at serviceability than convenience, their idea being to cater less to the scorcher than to the soldier, who may ride it and fire without getting off. This has been accomplished by reducing the diameter of the wheels and by shifting the saddle in such a manner that when the rider has occasion to draw his gun he stops, places his feet on the ground and, retaining the bike between his legs, pinks his man. During a recent exhibition at Paris a lancer rode up at full tilt, drew in, blazed away, dismounted, folded his machine, slung it on his back, scaled a wall, dropped on the other side, fired again and galloped off. The variety of operations which such a model could effect are new and suggestive. A squad of soldiers equipped with these machines could penetrate where neither artillery nor cavalry could follow. Moving in silence, they would have little to fear. On the highway they would be swifter, and across country, carrying their wheels, they could go where no troopers could venture. In addition, they could demonstrate the excellence of that old adage which holds that he who fights and bikes away may live to bike another day.

THE MODERN ROBESPIERRE

M. Felix Faure, President of the French Republic, is a gentleman whose duties are many and whose pleasures are few. Among the latter is the tub. Eminently hygienic, it relaxes tension and distends the nerves. Hence the pleasure of it. Recently matters of state followed him, it is reported, even there. A secretary entered, apologized no doubt, and, in any event, stated that the Minister of Foreign Affairs had come regarding something of great urgency which required his immediate attention. "Can't I have any peace?" the President in his exasperation cried. "Does he want to kill me? In my bath at that?" Then, with a gesture infinitely resigned, the gesture of a martyr, he added, "Show him in—show in *Charlotte Corday*."



SENATOR CUSHMAN K. DAVIS,
Chairman of Committee on Foreign Relations



REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT R. HITT,
Chairman of Committee on Foreign Affairs

VICE CONSUL-GENERAL SPRINGER

THIS official, who was next in rank to General Lee in our consular service in Cuba, is a native of Portland, Me. He was educated at a military school in New York, and immediately afterward entered the United States consular service, where he has been continuously occupied. Appointed



JOSEPH A. SPRINGER,
Late United States Vice-Consul at Havana

United States consular clerk in 1870 by General Grant, he was promoted to Vice-Consul-general at Havana in 1883, and has held that office to the present time. He has been Consul-general *pro tem* twelve different times during the absence of the incumbents. He is an accomplished French scholar, while his comprehension of the Spanish language and jurisprudence, his acquaintance with the Spanish and Cuban people, together with his knowledge of international law, have qualified him to cope with many of the knotty questions which came before the Havana consulate, where the official duties were not only consular and commercial, but semi-diplomatic as well.

Mr. Springer has declined promotion to other consulates and remained at his post in Havana, at a personal sacrifice, during the most trying period of Cuban affairs. He belongs to the corps of cadets organized years ago for the purpose of training young men for the consular and diplomatic service. Members of this corps are practically assured of permanent employment by the government—until such time as they allow themselves to be promoted to higher rank than that of Vice-Consul-general, so their existence and gradual increase in numbers is assurance of some of the consular and diplomatic reforms that have long been demanded.

Mr. Springer is a member of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, some of his ancestors having borne arms in the War for Independence. Personally, he is a man of great vitality and high spirits—two qualities that have been indispensable to members of our consulate at Havana during the past three or four years.

THE CONGRESSIONAL FOREIGN COMMITTEES

MORE than a quarter of a century has elapsed since any portion of the Congress of the United States has been the object of as much interest as have the Foreign Relations Committees in the last few days. Committees on Ways and Means and on Appropriations have occasionally kept the country excited and perplexed for months at a time; but they never had in their keeping the lives of thousands of men and the peace of two nations.

Senator Davis of Minnesota, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, is an able parliamentarian, a man of strong convictions and of great earnestness and eloquence. Most of the committee's arraignment of Spain, and its arguments in favor of intervention, is believed to have been written by Senator Davis.

Representative Hitt of Illinois, Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, has spent much time in the diplomatic and departmental service, as well as in Congress, and his knowledge of the foreign affairs of the United States is greater than that of almost any other member of the Lower House. It is probably unnecessary to say that both chairmen are Republicans.



C. Graham

AN ICE-JAM IN THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

WINTER in the upper Mississippi is long, yet when spring does come the change of temperature is so sudden that all the snow disappears in a day or two, and each creek hurries a mass of water to the nearest river. The ice does not melt as fast as the snow, but it is quickly broken by the torrent that surges beneath it. Despite all the money expended in river improvements, the streams abound in shallows, bends, and points, at which a mass of drift-ice may gather; the masses that follow act very

like railway cars in "end-on" collisions, forcing one another into positions almost vertical, and thus arresting thousands of tons of ice at single points. During the first day or two of the breaking-up season the stream is unsafe for boats, but between the thaw and the first rain that follows it, one may often enjoy the strange spectacle of steamboats navigating a stream almost clear, yet unloading portions of their cargoes over ice which in picturesqueness is suggestive of the Arctic regions.



JULIEN GORDON'S NOVELS

BY MAYO W. HAZELTINE

THE lady who signs herself "Julien Gordon" seems to have taken to heart the advice given by Mr. Merryman in the prologue to "Faust": "Do but thrust your hand into the thick of human life! Every one lives it—to not many is it known; seize it where you will, it is interesting." She does go into the "thick" of human life, and this, notwithstanding the fact that all her writings are what may be termed society novels in the sense that her characters wear clothes of the latest *cachet*, adopt the latest fashionable locutions, and pass their time in the newest prescribed manner.

There is, of course, no end to the books which profess to enable society to read about itself, about its drawing-room dramas, its comedies of the teacup, its tortured breasts beating discreetly beneath diamond stars or hothouse *bouffonnières*. Most of them, however, are scarcely worth perusal. There is in them no subsurface work. The heart, at all events, gets little out of them; for in them society has not been studied; it has been, at best, only inspected. The writer who would search out and dissect human nature beneath its social swathings must needs possess penetration and expertness in an unusual degree. Julien Gordon, when writing of the world in which she moves, brings to the task of appreciation powers of no common order. In her we recognize not only a keen intellect and fine insight, but comprehensive sympathies; a catholic heart. She exhibits also the aesthetic instinct which shapes compositions into works of art. Her novels, should we attempt to classify them in a sentence, might be described as a series of studies on the feelings, presenting a panorama of characters and situations illustrating the complexities and perturbations of life in the great world; its pleasures, its sorrows, its vicissitudes, its restlessness, its discontent; the waywardness of the affections, the fantastic pulsations and disillusionments of the passions, and the insufficiency of all things human to satisfy the cravings of the soul. With regard to plot, it may be said that, while the *motif* of her stories is always distinct, the concatenation of incident is not particularly arresting, by which we mean that it cannot easily be outlined or summarized by a reviewer, as may the nucleus of a novel of adventure. For incident, indeed, this writer seems to care but little, except as it serves to bring out character; she is not a tale-weaver, but a psychologist. Her narratives derive a potent and characteristic winningness from the portrayal of the heart's hesitation and indecision, of the debates of the will, the interplay of moral forces, the little, casual unconscious revelations of what in the deeper recesses of the brain is thought and felt. If we turn to the theatre in which these dramas of the affections are enacted, we observe that large country houses and homely villages are, for the most part, chosen as the stage upon which the scenes are shifted; villages, however, so near to the metropolis that people may reach them comfortably and quickly, and thus patronize Nature at their ease, while at the same time feeling the bracing assurance that their Paris gowns, or coats from Poole, may be recognized for what they are. Though, however, Julien Gordon's scenes and characters belong, with few exceptions, to what is conventionally called "the world," there is about them a *resemblance* rarely attained in society novels, and they never produce, even momentarily, an impression of guesswork and of artificiality, resembling that left upon the mind by the earlier books of Ouida! In respect of verisimilitude, but in that respect only, they may be likened to the writings of "Gyp." We ought to note, on the other hand, that although in reading Julien Gordon you may seldom smell the new-mown hay, or hear the whetting of scythes and the laughter of milkmaids, or come upon Amaryllis with her apronful of rosemary and thyme; although, perhaps, you do not get an appetite for curds and cream; yet there is in all her comments upon life an intensely human note, a vibration of that chord of sympathy which makes the whole world kin. It is, of course, natural and fitting that she should use the materials immediately within her reach, especially when these are adapted to her chief purpose, the exposure of the spiritual maladies of those accustomed to her own environment. It is, in truth, an author's duty, if, like Julien Gordon, she be a realist, to make as few excursions as possible beyond the limits of the life with which she is most familiar. We cannot all, as Turgeneff has told us, reduce ourselves to the simplest terms by electing to live in Arcadia. Those of us who are caught in the meshes of conventional life must needs suffer what Balzac described as the *petites misères*, the grotesque and minor miseries indivisible from an existence in which appearances, and the imperative necessity of keeping them up, seem to be the capital realities. What most profoundly saddens the habitue of society, in the narrow meaning of that word, is not the exhibition of any monstrous audacities in sin, but the sordid average of petty faults, the every-day littlenesses and misunderstandings, the dreary mass of cowardly concessions, and of the vulgar compromises apparently inseparable from the exercise of social power. Not only do these things sadden spirits of exceptional quality,

but they provoke passionate protest, and foster also the haunting belief that there is somewhere an ampler horizon and a freer air, wherein the soul can spread her wings, and individuality can assert itself. This is often the burden of Julien Gordon's thought; it is set forth with no forced emphasis, but it stirs in us a sort of repulsion from what Stevenson has called, "this stuffy business of living in houses"; it brings to our mind the pathetic ejaculation of a famous starling: "I can't get out; I can't get out."

I

As we have said, what Julien Gordon principally selects for portrayal is the workings of the human heart; workings, however, that are complex, and not easily defined. Everywhere you feel the influence of an imagination, which recoils from the commonplace, and you receive sharp and deep impressions of strong or admirable personalities. Especially is the author allured by whatever is distinctive, or attractive, or merely powerful in her own sex, from the "princess" with her brodequins of satin to the gardener's wife with her slippers down at heel. The *dramatis personae*, however, and the situations in almost all her narratives, have a good deal in common. A woman who is beautiful, not in figure and face alone, but from her exquisite coloring, enters society with a vision of her future husband already in her heart. From one cause or another—sometimes moral weakness, sometimes social ambition, sometimes self-sacrifice—she is to outward appearance faithless to her ideal, for she marries some one who does not conform to it. For her, in such a case, the husband is from the first, and remains, only a lay figure; she is, in reality, wedded to the imaginary prototype who never loses his lodgment in her breast. By-and-by, when it is too late, the prototype confronts her in the flesh. Or things are reversed, and it is the man who, when at last he encounters her, is no longer free to marry the feminine incarnation of his dreams. For a while the twain, brought tardily together, scarcely resist the seduction exercised by the impressions of a delicate and deep affinity; but, for the most part, they exemplify in the end the wisdom of virtue and the logic of pride which keeps an amorous spiritual friendship from stooping to a vulgar *dénouement*. Each imposes a splendid ordeal on the other; neither is sucked into the vortex of passion; but both ultimately emerge from a maelstrom of the heart illumined, purified, ennobled. The cry of hunger has been stifled with such a rare tenderness of touch; the surging tide of appetite has been stemmed with thoughts of such a delicate loveliness; that the elements of the etherealized emotions get entwined, somehow, with one's own heart-strings. This woman novelist, we cry, does, in truth, sweep with deft, white fingers that exquisite instrument, the soul. There are times when even an epic note sounds in her work. She writes, to be sure, of to-day, but the thought of to-morrow is seldom absent. The paramount issues of life, the superlative significance of character and emotion, these are for her the vital facts which constitute the momentous part of the sublunar scheme. In her books constantly recurs the yearning of man's spirit for immortality. We encounter it in Bertha Le Moyne, as she watches the sea-gulls soaring above the tossing waves and gazes upward into the starry night. "It is not possible, she thinks, that this is all!" We meet with it when we read of the yacht *Montezuma* going down in the storm, amid which "the infinite spake to the immortal." We find it in the "princess," that captivating woman of the salon, who, notwithstanding the possession of gifts and graces that mark her out for such a sphere, is able in the intervals of a life that seems all charm and sparkle to talk heart to heart like this:

"Are you not happy?" Paula asked tremblingly.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Heathcote, "I am happy." But her words did not bring conviction. And later she exclaims:

"Happiness is not enough for a nature like mine, and how shall one grasp even happiness in a world of sin and suffering. No, I never caught the look of it but once."

"Ah, where did you see it so near?"

"In the eyes of a dying nun; she belonged to a poor and obscure order."

"What did they tell you—her eyes?"

"They told me of the immortal, Paula. Ah! that radiance!"

While Julien Gordon may seem to resemble those psychologists who prefer to debate problematical duties rather than to solve them; while she is never more at home than when combating the notion that the affections can be subjugated by the will; she incessantly and unmistakably recognizes in the bridal veil and the marriage ring bolts and rivets that keep home and society from disruption. Her heroines, although incapacitated by the law of their nature—being, for the most part, highly imaginative and impressionable persons—from resting satisfied with what they possess, do not lose sight of the soundest foundation for morality—the necessity of self-sacrifice. Even in "Mariettes," where the assumed premise is that we are all puppets moved by strings, mere pawns upon life's chess-board, we have in Bertha Le Moyne a revelation of surprising generosity. Love, joy, fullness of life—all may be hers for a single responsive word; this word, however, she will not speak. The thought of a feminine friend, to whom she would be disloyal, should her heart assert itself, intrudes; and holding, as she does, "a friend's betrayal of a friend's confidence" to be the crime of crimes, she meets the

demands of duty and of conscience. Not only in the story just mentioned, but also in other novels, Julien Gordon compels her characters to comprehend and exhibit what the persistency of individual being implies; they do what they needs must do, being what they are. She also impresses upon them the verity of what Carlyle has pointed out, that "everywhere in life the question is not what we gain, but what we do." We must be *ourselves*, true to the best that is in us, always; and only as we recognize the supremacy of this duty do we in any right sense begin to live. This is a lesson hard to learn, we need not say. So when later Madame Le Moyne learns that Geoffrey Odenreid has married her friend, Mrs. St. Clair, we are not surprised to hear the confession wrung from her suffering heart: "I have been a fool, perhaps—who knows? I thought myself heroic. I tried to do right, but I am not as strong as I thought. I would not take happiness; now, it is too late." Further on we read: "If a spirit's joy is the measure of its strength, then, indeed, I am weak, for I am miserable. Yet, who can tell? The happiness that was offered me would have been purchased at too great a cost; perhaps some day through my very sacrifice I shall find peace." It is such natural and inevitable oscillations in mood which testify to the depth of an author's psychological insight. In the particular situation disclosed in the last few pages of "Marionettes" there is not a little dramatic force, and a nice artistic intuition of the effect of reserved power. We are at the opera. *Lohengrin* is sung. Geoffrey Odenreid disappears from the box, in which he has been sitting with his wife, and enters the *loge* occupied by Madame Le Moyne. It is their first meeting since her day of renunciation, and it takes place amid light and laughter, and under hundreds of inquisitive eyes. The lady who has accompanied Madame Le Moyne scents tragedy in the air, and, moved by a generous impulse, withdraws somewhat apart, leaving the two alone. "By-and-by he also arose, and took Madame Le Moyne's cold hand. He held it for an instant in both his own. 'Good-by,' he said lingeringly. 'Good-by! Good-by!' she faltered." This is the end. Many a tragedy played before our eyes ends no less simply. Even the dying Lear's poignant suffering came to a homely bursting-point: "Pray you undo this button."

II

In "A Diplomat's Diary" is depicted a crisis in the life of Daphne Acton. She had married in her girlhood a man above whom hung the sword of Damocles. Physicians said his days were numbered. As a matter of fact, he lived ten years. We cannot say that the girl had married in the spirit of the Roman virgin in order that her father might be free to die for his country, but at least she had had at heart the thought that she could help her father to get on in the world. When, finally, her husband died, Daphne herself had developed into a brilliant social leader, and had made her young sister, too, the fashion. In the time of her widowhood there was one who stood "over and over again between her and calumny." To her he seemed to assure a peace of mind which for him meant that his own life should be barren of it. Because of the debt she thinks she owes him she promises to marry him; after which she goes to stay with an uncle in St. Petersburg until her term of mourning shall have expired. A brief respite is what she craves. At St. Petersburg she meets a German diplomat who greatly widens her horizon and who, at the same time, makes her pray, "Lead us not into temptation." He had been sent by his Emperor to the Czar's court on a mission which called for discreet and delicate handling. "It could hardly have been intrusted to a blunderer, and I daresay that I am not one," he said to Daphne one day, "but in you I find a riddle which baffles my expertness." It was not her beauty alone which awoke and detained his heart; it was the quality of her spirit which possessed for the diplomatist a haunting and abiding charm. He was willing to serve for her, like Jacob, seven years, and she loved him in return. But the thought of that other's imagined sufferings pierced her heart; she leaves Russia. She writes, however, to the diplomat one letter of farewell: "You had crossed my path for an hour. He was bound up with a tragic past." She goes on in an effort to explain, but the recipient of the letter in a burst of fury tears it into fragments. A little scrap of it provides an incident fraught with delicate irony. A bird, we are told, picked it up, "and flew off with it to build its nest."

The hero of "A Successful Man" is a stalwart individuality that has made itself a power in the field of politics. He is a man of sturdy principle and iron will. His wife is absorbed in her house and her children. She comes to her husband's study one morning with wrinkles upon her usually smooth forehead: "Do I disturb you, dear?" He looked up wearily: "Not at all." He had been perusing all the morning a discursive treatise on the tariff. "I want to ask your advice," she said. "Daniel, do the ladies wear very fine clothes at the Goshen House? Are they very dressy?" The two had accepted, it seems, an invitation to a ball, a novel experience for the wife, although of late Daniel Lawton had become used to the role of man of fashion. For these twain there could be no longer any common ground, and when the politician awakens to the fact that for him Constance, the wife of the ruddy, jovial, round-faced Jack Gresham, is an elixir, thrice distilled, transforming, renewing, stimulating every

faculty of heart and brain, and firing him with fresh ambitions; when, we say, he awakens to this fact, we foresee that the end of the story must be catastrophic. We are quite convinced of inevitableness, when a blasting of rocks beside a roadway causes the horse which Lawton is driving to dash toward a precipitous cliff. "Mrs. Lawton had just time to throw herself upon her husband's breast, and so, clinging closer to each other than ever they had done in the first transports of their boy and girl affection, they were swept down together into the eternal silence."

As human, actual and modern as the outcome of experience can be is the sketch entitled "Mademoiselle Réséda." An artist, a celebrity, is staying for some weeks at the country seat of a woman of fashion, the portraits of whose pretty children he is to paint. The lady gradually finds herself preoccupied, not by the man's talent, but by the man. Presently appears upon the scene a young governess, Mdlle. Réséda herself. She is endowed with beauty and with artistic intuitions; she studies her own figure and wears gowns that suit her white skin. The artist is strongly attracted to her and ultimately asks her to marry him, being meanwhile entirely blind to the passion he had kindled in the lady who employed her. Then follows a bit of drawing-room drama wherein the governess is dismissed with a quietly hurled anathema. The story ends with a tableau: We see the artist seated in his atelier in Paris; his lovely young wife on a stool at his feet; the sunlight pouring in through an open casement, while outside a street band is passing.

The situation outlined in "Vampires" is one by no means exceptional. A mother and daughter have laid hold upon a young man of slender purse but of a generous heart and limitless willingness to work. His unquestioning devotion to the daughter whom he has married is as unweary as was that of Major Dobbins to the doll-like Amelia. What these "Vampires" do to him is recited by Mr. Milburn, his friend, to the selfish mother-in-law, while her daughter is trying to weep over her husband's poor, worn-out corpse. "The Talmud, madame—he says—recounts the story of a man into whose ear crept a tiny gnat; it grew, and it grew, and it grew, until the man died, and when his head was opened the gnat had grown to the size of a dove; only it was not a dove that they found there, but a creature with a beak of brass and claws of iron."

(Concluded next week.)

THE BICYCLE AS A MILITARY APPLIANCE

OUR double-page illustration indicates one of the uses to which the bicycle will be put in any coming military movements in countries not entirely lacking in roads. "Cavalry is the eye of an army" is a saying that dates back, probably, to the earliest use of troopers by commanders of large armies, and it is a matter of history that troops without cavalry have generally suffered through surprises and through inability to have their fronts and flanks properly reconnoitered.

On the other hand, detachments of cavalry are not always to be obtained at short notice, nor is the making of a competent trooper the work of a day. Forage for a horse weighs ten times as much as rations for a soldier, and is a serious clog upon the transportation of an army; yet to expect horses to "live upon the country" is to have them deteriorate and break down quickly. To move a body of horses by water or rail causes trouble for army quartermasters, and the horse is preferred to his rider as a target when he reaches the enemy's country.

While the bicycle cannot replace the horse for all military purposes it is always available, it needs no food, it occupies but little room, and it is almost invisible at rifle-range and is therefore an unsatisfactory mark for bullets. With a bicycle squad an infantry regiment, battalion or even single company can advance with confidence toward any portion of an enemy's country, for its front and flanks may be so thoroughly "covered" as to give information and alarms in ample time.

Our regular army has experimented systematically with the bicycle for several years, and the results have been far more satisfactory than had been expected. Mounted soldiers have eluded observation of sentries posted to watch for them, for a good wheel is as noiseless as a barefooted Indian and can make quick yet close detours of places at which danger is to be expected. Last year a bicycle squad of twenty infantrymen, fully armed and equipped, made more than seventy-five miles a day for twenty consecutive days over country entirely destitute of pavements or good roads; some portions of their route were mere wagon trails of other days. Such work requires picked men, but so does effective cavalry scouting. For long-distance single-riding or relay-riding the bicycle may be depended upon for better work than ever was done by troopers, for wheels can be of uniform and high condition—cavalry horses never are.

Some of the infantry regiments of the regular army now have bicycles, with trained riders, as permanent fixtures; many militia regiments are similarly equipped, and it is believed by foreign and American soldiers of high rank that within its limits the bicycle will be quite as useful as the horse, and far more trustworthy.—(See next page.)



THE NEWEST BRANCH

BICYCLE SQUAD OF AN INFANTRY REGIMENT OF THE R
(See page 11)



BRANCH OF THE SERVICE

ENT OF THE REGULAR ARMY MOVING TOWARD THE FRONT
(See page 11)

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

"There was ne'er a gossoon in the village
Dare tread on the tail o' me coat!" . . .
—College Song

"Brown b'ar clam' de ole fence rail,
Rabbit holler: 'Whar yoh tail?'" . . .
—Banjo Song



HEN the gunboats entered Sandy River, Cleland's regiment was ordered to garrison and reconstruct the forts at the Landing, evacuated by the Confederate troops as soon as the gunboats crossed the bar.

The gunboats tossed a few shells after the leisurely retreating Confederates, then dropped anchor below the Landing, and waited for something to turn up. A week later they steamed out of the river, promptly stuck on the bar, churned and thrashed and whistled and signalled, and finally slid out into blue water where a blockade-runner tempted them into a chase that contributed to the amusement of the Southern Confederacy. By Thanksgiving time, Cleland's regiment had finished the forts at Sandy Landing. Cleland did it because he was told to, not because either forts or town were of the slightest military value to anybody. The Landing itself was a skunk-haunted village, utterly unimportant as supply depot, strategical pivot, or a menace to navigation. It was a key to nothing; its single railway led nowhere, its whisky was illegal, illimitable, and atrocious.

Cleland's report embodied all of this. He was ordered to hold his ground, establish semaphores, and plant torpedoes. So he built his semaphores as directed, planted torpedoes, and reported. Twenty-four hours later orders came to go into winter quarters. Then he was notified that he was to be re-enforced, so he built barracks for two more regiments, as directed, and wondered what on earth was coming. Nothing came except the two regiments; one arrived on the 1st of December, by rail—an Irish regiment; the other turned up a week later in two cattle trains, band playing madly from the caboose. It was a German regiment full of strange oaths—and aromas.

Now Cleland was enlightened; he understood that the Landing was to be used as a species of cage for these two foreign regiments, raised, Heaven knows where—and destined to prove a nuisance to any army that harbored them. The Irish possessed an appalling record of pillage, bravery, and insubordination. The German regiment, raised "to march mit Siegel," had an unbroken record of flight to its discredit. It had run at Grey's Ford, at Crystal Hill, at Yellow Bank, and at Cypress Court-House. It fled cheerfully, morning, noon, and night; its band stamped naively and naturally; it always followed its band, adored by all; and the regiment bore no rancor when scourged in general orders. Fallbach was its colonel—known to the sarcastic and uninstructed as Fallback—a rosy, short-winded, peaceful Teuton, who ran with his regiment every time, and always accepted censure with jocular resignation.

"Poys will pe poys, ain't it?" he would say with a shrug. "Der band iss a fine band alrety. Dot trombone iss timid, und der poys dey follow der trombone."

When Cleland understood that the authorities had rid themselves of the two regiments by interring them at Sandy Landing, he wrote a respectful protest, was snubbed and ordered to begin housekeeping for the winter, which meant that his regiment was now on police duty, stationed at the Landing to keep the peace between the Germans and their Irish neighbors.

Trouble began promptly; Bannon, colonel of the First Irish, met Fallbach of the First Jägers, and mispronounced his name with an

emphasis unmistakable. An hour later the two regiments knew the war was on and made preparations accordingly. Hogan of the Tenth Company, crossing the street, hustled Franz Bummel of the Jägers and called him a "Dooth puddy-fud!"

Quinn, listening to the Jägers' band concert that afternoon, whistled "Doolan's Wake" and imitated Fritz Klein's piccolo, aided and abetted by Phelan and McCue. That night there were three scuffles and a fight, and the provost-marshal had his work cut out for him.

Little by little the two regiments were installed in distant sections of the town. Cleland dealt justice untempered with mercy and the rival regiments understood that their warfare would have to be carried on by stealth.

When Phelan, Quinn, Hogan, and McCue were released from the guard-house, they rejoiced with their comrades of the Tenth Company, and prepared future calamity for the Jägers. But Fate was against them. Their regimental fetish, a strong young goat, disappeared and that night the Jägers were reported to have reveled in a strangely suggestive stew.

A day or two later, Quinn, fishing for suckers in the Sandy River, was assaulted by three Jägers, his fish-pole and three fish confiscated, and he himself ducked amid grunts of universal satisfaction.

The fury of the Tenth Company passed all bounds when Quinn was relegated to the guard-house for conduct unbefitting a soldier; but the Teutons never strayed from their barracks except in force, and, as night leave was forbidden both regiments, the Tenth Company hesitated to inaugurate riot by daylight.

Quinn, squatting in the guard-house, found plenty of leisure to hatch revenge. He did not waste thought on mere individual schemes for assault and battery; he meditated a master stroke, a blow at the entire regiment calculated to tear every Teuton bosom with anguish. The two objects most cherished by the Jägers were their cat and a disreputable negro who cooked for the colonel. How to combine damage to these centers of Teutonic affection occupied Quinn's waking hours. To kidnap the cat; that was not enough—the Teutons must be beguiled into eating their cat, and liking it too. How? Quinn sucked at an empty pipe and brooded. Bribe the negro Cassius, first to kidnap the cat, then to cook it? Quinn writhed maliciously at the prospect; he hated Tom, the black and white cat who sang every night on the Jägers' barrack roof—sang to each individual star in the firmament, to the indignation of every Irishman in Sandy Landing.

When Quinn emerged from the guard-house he took council with Phelan and McCue; and that evening Hogan was despatched to tempt Cassius with promises and a little cash.

The affair was easier than Hogan had dared hope; Cassius

took the cash and promised to betray, and Hogan, lips compressed, to stifle all outward mirthful symptoms, went back to the barracks, where Quinn, Phelan, and McCue sat waiting in pessimistic silence.

"He'll not kill the cat," said Hogan; "he'll fetch ut in a bag to the shanty foreinst the hill—d'ye mind the hut, McCue?"

"I do," said McCue impressively.

"Thin be aisy," continued Hogan; "we'll skin ut an' co-ook ut, an' the naygur can take the stew to that Dooth runaway sodger Fallback, bad cess to him an' his! Pass th' potheen, McCue."

"Sure there's not stew in wan cat for all!" objected Phelan.

"There is! There is!" said Quinn; "there's cats in town to be had for the askin', an' nary a Dootheman will starve! Usha! but they'll be crazy, th' omadhouns!"

"Twill choke them," said Phelan.

"Did they choke wid the goat they shtole?" demanded Quinn angrily.

Hogan laughed till the tears ran down his chin; Phelan grinned and whooped alternately while Quinn explained that he had secured



"MET FALBACH OF THE FIRST JÄGERS AND MISPRONOUNCED HIS NAME WITH AN EMPHASIS UNMISTAKABLE"

permission to go rabbit hunting on Christmas with leave for them all until sundown.

"I met Bummel an' Klein," continued Quinn. "'Sure,' I sez, 'tis thirty thicks ye play on the Irish. 'What's that?' sez Kline. 'Ye ate our goat,' sez I. Wid that they grinned an' me phist hurrt wid the timplashun of Bummel's nose.

"Sure, sez I, 'tis frinds we should be!" "Sorra th' day!" sez Klein. "Why not?" sez I. "Ye hate us an' hate us," sez Klein; "I'll not thrust ye, Mike Quinn." "Take me hand," sez I, extindin' me fingers; "wan touch of nature, me lad! 'Tis a crool war entirely, an' it's frinds we'll be, an' no favor!" "Prove it," sez he. "I wull," sez I, "an' be th' same token 'tis huntin' we go this day week, so look fur a Christmas dinner to shame the Queen's cook." "A dinner," sez he, "wid th' town betchune us!" "Ye'll dine wid us, yet," sez I. "An' how?" sez he, a-lickin' the chops av him. "Whin ye dine wid the Irish ye should have a long spoon," sez I, laughin' friendly like. "We'll sind ye a shtew, me b'y, if God sind us the rabbits." "Thin," continued Quinn, "we parrted genteel; an' they'll hear we have lave to hunt on Christmas Day—musha, bad luck to th' Dootch scuts! —'tis cats they'll be eatin' this blessed hour come Christmas an' may the howly saints sind them the black chill of Drumgoole!"

II

CHRISTMAS EVE, while Hogan and Phelan lay slumbering, and Quinn and McCue walked their rounds, gloating over revenge, Cassius, the disreputable, sat in the kitchen of the Jäger barracks counting the advanced payment of cash received from Hogan and leering at the black and white tom-cat who dozed peacefully by the dying fire.

"Pore ole Tom," muttered Cassius guiltily, "hit's gwineter 'spise dishyere kitty. 'Spe ole Tom gwineter git riled.'"

The cat opened its yellow eyes.

"Gwineter 'spise ole Tom," repeated Cassius, compassionately pursing up his lips.

The cat began to purr.

"Pore ole Tom," sighed the darky, tremulous with remorse.

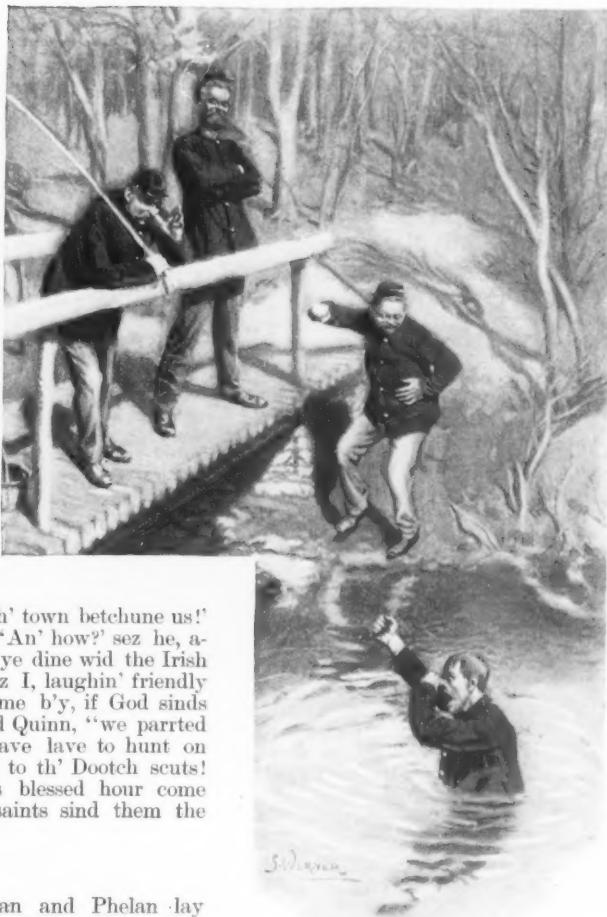
The cat rose and began to march around, purring and hoisting an interrogative tail.

Cassius continued to bemoan Tom's fate and recount the money until he had hardened his heart sufficiently. Finally he pocketed the coins, wiped his eyes, and approached the cat with seductive caution. Tom permitted caresses, courted further endearments, and suffered himself to be seized and dropped into a potato-sack. Then he scrambled madly, and squalled and clawed until Cassius, unable to bear the sight and sound of Thomas' distress, deposited the sack in the pantry and fled from the barracks to the street.

Guilt weighed heavily on the darky's soul; he shuffled along, battling with his conscience, trying to think of some compromise to save the cat and his money at the same time. The moonlight flooded hill and valley; he could hear the sentries calling from post to post, the stir of the horses in the artillery stables across the square, the creaking of leafless branches overhead. He went around to the chicken coop; he often went there to enjoy the thrill of a temptation that he dared not succumb to, also to keep stray cats from doing murder on their own account. For though he dared not steal a single chicken, he could at least have the bitter pleasure of foiling the feline marauders of Sandy Landing. This he was accustomed to do with a tin box, placed on its side, a trip-stick, a string, and a bit of bone for bait. Cat after cat he had trapped and committed to the depths of Sandy River, highly commended by his colonel and the rank and file of the Jägers. Now, as he stepped softly around the corner his eyes fell on a black and white object stealing toward the window where the long tin box stood temptingly baited. The next instant the trip-stick clicked, the weighted box-lid fell and snapped, and Cassius seized the box with a chuckle of triumph.

"Cat! cat!" he repeated, addressing the frantic inmate of the box, "doan' yoh count yoh chickens 'fore dey's hatched. Stop dat scramblin'! Ole Cassius done catch yoh suah! Now he gwineter drap yoh in de ribber—"

Cassius stopped short, pulsating with a new idea. The idea made him laugh aloud, and he sat down on the ground to roll and chuckle and guffaw at the simplicity of the thing, for nothing could be simpler; the tragedy that threatened Thomas should



"DUCKED AMID GRUNTS OF UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION"

be turned into a roaring farce; for here was a substitute—a black and white one as he had seen—and the Irish should never know the difference. Sacrifice Tom when here was a victim ready at hand, doubtless provided by Providence in the nick of time to save a poor darky from treachery? And it was a kind of treachery that even Cassius found uncongenial.

"Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat!" mocked Cassius derisively, listening to the maneuvers of the imprisoned victim; "yoh isn't so brash an' gay jess now. Stop dat scratchin' on de box! He! He! He! I'se gwineter let ole Tom outen de bag—pore ole Tom! Dishyere nigger ain't no Judas! Lan's sakes!—dat ole cat smell kinder funny!"

He wrinkled his nose, sniffed, turned a pair of startled eyes on the big box under his arm; then a sickly smile of intelligence spread over his face and he placed the box gently on the ground.

"Had mah 'spicions 'bout dat black an' white kitty-cat," he muttered; "Lawd! Lawd! how won'r'ful am dishyere worl'!"

He sniffed at the box and rolled his eyes. "Irish soldiers doan' know nuff'n 'bout dishyere annermal, but I persoom dey's boun' ter fine out!" He picked up the box and went on.

The animal inside scratched and writhed and scrambled.

"Foh Gawd," chuckled Cassius, grinning from ear to ear, "'spec dat ole rustler gwine twiss he tail off'n 'bout two free minutes! Yah! yah!—he! he! yah!—ho!" And as he entered the servants' quarters he smote his knees and shook his head, and laughed and laughed.

About midnight he took his banjo from the nail, thumbed it, and began to croon to himself:

"Bob-cat he caynt wag he tail—
Ain got no tail foh to wag!
Brown-bear clam' de ole fence rail,
Rabbit holler: 'Whar yoh tail?'
Bob-cat larf like he gwineter bus';
Pole-cat stop for to see de fuss,
De bob-cat scoot, de bear turn pale,
An' de rabbit he skip froo de ole fence rail.

"Ef yoh wanter see er tail," sez de pole-cat, "see!
Mah tail's long 'nuff foh mah folks an' me!"

Now there are Persian-cats, Manx-cats, Angora-cats, Maltese-cats, Bob-cats, and Wild-cats.

Wild-cats have no tails; some say that's what makes them wild.

There are cats and cats. There are also Pole-cats. Why Pole-cats is not explained unless there is something about them that suggests Polish emigrants.

Thomas was neither Persian, Manxman, nor Pole. He was plain, straightforward cat. So he clawed and thumped and squalled in the potato-sack until Cassius liberated him and opened the cellar door.

III

ABOUT three o'clock on Christmas afternoon, Hogan's rifle exploded prematurely and killed a rabbit. The intense astonishment of McCue, Quinn, and Phelan nerved Hogan for more glory, and he fired at every tuft of hill-weed until his cartridges were gone, and his temper too.

"Bad cess to me goon!" he shouted, "'tis twishted it do be an' I'll thank ye for th' loan av yere piece, McCue."

"G'wan," said McCue, "'till I show ye a thrick!"—and he blazed away at a rapidly vanishing cotton-tail and missed. Occasionally, firing by volleys, they scored a rabbit to four rifles, and, at sunset, McCue spread out a dozen or so cotton-



"A BLACK AND WHITE CREATURE SPRANG FROM THE BOX TO THE TABLE"

tails on the newly fallen snow before the door of the hill shanty. Phelan wiped his brow with the back of his fist.

"Phwhere's th' naygur?" he demanded.

Hogan looked at his watch and began to swear, just as Cassius appeared over the hilltop, a tin box under his arm and on his face a smile of confidence.

"Have ye th' ould tom?" demanded Quinn, as Cassius shuffled up and, depositing the tin box on the doorstep, looked cheerfully around.

"Evenin', gemmen, evenin'," said Cassius, licking his lips and leaning down to pinch the fat rabbits lying in a row. "Kinder cold dishyere Chris'mus, gemmen. 'Spec we gwineter 'spereen moh snow—"

"Have ye the cat?" repeated Quinn sternly.

"'Cos I has," said Cassius indignantly, "an' I'se come foh de cash—"

"Phwat's that?" snarled Hogan.

"'Hould a bit!" interposed Quinn; "is the tom in the box now?"

"'Cos he is," repeated Cassius; "yaas, sah, dasser mighty fine kitty, dat is! Hit ain' no or'nary cat, hit ain't—no, sah. Dasser pole-cat, sah, dat is!"

"'Tis a Dootch cat, ye scut!" said Phelan.

"Sure Poles is Dootch, too," observed McCue with a grin. "Phwat are ye waitin' for I dunno?" he added, scowling at the darky.

"I'se lingerin' foh mah cash," said Cassius.

"G'wan!" said Phelan briefly.

Cassius turned an injured face from one to the other. There was a hostile silence. Phelan produced a flour sack and threw the rabbits into it, one by one.

"Seuse me, gemmen," began Cassius—when an exclamation from Quinn silenced him and drew the attention of all to a black and white object, advancing across the snow toward the shanty.

"Lan's sake!" muttered Cassius, "pole-cat in de box gwineter draw all de pole-cats in dishyere county!"

"'Tis a rabbit!" said McCue, seizing his gun.

"It's a cat!" said Hogan; "d'yez mind th' tail of ut?"

"Dat ain't no cat," said Cassius contemptuously, "dasser skunk."

"Skoonk, is it? An' phwat's a skoonk, ye black scut?" demanded McCue. At the same instant Phelan fired and missed; Quinn, paralyzed with buck-fever, clutched his rifle, mouth agape, while Hogan, in an excess of excitement, began shouting and kicking the darky from snowdrift to snowdrift.

"Now will ye grin, ye mud-cat!" he yelled. "G'wan home, ye omadhoun!"

"Leggo mah wool!" retorted the darky, and rose from the snow with sullen alacrity. "Wha' foh yoh yank mah kinks?"

"Faith, then, fur luck an' bad-luck," said Hogan, and followed McCue into the deserted shanty.

A moment later Quinn and Phelan came back after an eager but fortunately fruitless quest for the game, and McCue and Hogan issued from the shanty, bearing the tin box, ready to return to the barracks.

"My heavy hand on th' naygur!" growled McCue; "he's gone, where?—I dunno, but he'll carry the bag o' rabbits or me name's not McCue! Call him, Hogan."

"Come out! ye fud!—ye bat-o'-th'-bog, ye! Where are ye now!—the Red Witch o' Dromgoole follow ye!" shouted Hogan, tramping around the shanty and poking under the steps. "Come out, ye spud-o'-th'-mud, ye omadhoun!"

"Lave th' black scut," said McCue with dignity, "I'll carry the sack. Have ye th' sack?" he added, turning to Phelan.

"I have not," said Phelan; "twas there foreinst the stoop."

"Now the red curse o' Drumgoole on him!" shouted McCue. "Oh, the haythen pathan! Oh, the mutt! Oh, the black shpalene! Usha, musha, he's gone wid the sack an' divil a bit or a sup av a shtew ye'll eat the night! Sorra the rabbit he's left!—me heavy hand on him an' his! Usha, the saints sind him sorrow this blessed night!"

"We have th' ould tom in th' box," said Quinn, with a significant flourish of his rifle.

"There's no luck in it—Care killed a cat an' worrit the kittens. Begorra!—I'll kill no cat at all, at all!" replied McCue superstitiously.

"May the Dootch robbers choke whin they sup this night!" shouted Phelan. "Wirra the day I set eye on the naygur an' his Dootch whippets!"

"They'll have no luck, mark that!—McCue!" said Hogan; "we've their tom in a box an' they'll have no luck!"

They gathered up their rifles in silence; McCue carried the box; one by one they filed down the darkening hillside toward the village, where already a lantern or two glimmered along the stockade and the bugles were sounding the evening call.

It was decided that, although their rabbits had been treacherously purloined, the feline trophy in the box was worth a celebration. After all, they had secured the idol of the Jägers—their colonel's cat. It should be cherished as a fetish to replace the martyred goat; the regiment would rejoice to a man. No captured battle-flag should be more tenderly and sacredly guarded than this captured cat.

When the sportsmen reached the barracks, and it became known that the Jägers' tom-cat had been captured, the regi-

ment went wild with delight. After earnest consultation, it was decided not to open the box at once, because the cat might hastily migrate toward the familiar barracks of the Jägers. Quinn, the prime mover in the capture of Thomas, was selected a delegate of one to present the box to Colonel Bannon as a surprise and a Christmas gift from the whole regiment.

So, that night, the regiment ate their Christmas dinner in eager anticipation, and their hilarity was scarcely marred by Hogan's report that the Jägers' barracks resounded with a joyous din of feasting and song.

"May th' banshee worrit them! Let them be wid their futher—an'—mutter! May the red banshee sup with them in hell!" said Quinn, as he rose in obedience to the orderly who said the colonel would receive him.

He took the tin box gingerly, for the animal inside was very lively, and he followed the orderly to the door of the messroom in the officers' quarters.

Here the orderly left him a moment, but returned directly and whispered: "The colonel knows it's the Dootch cat ye have—but ye'll say ye bought it. Sure he's a decent man, is Colonel Bannon, an' no love lost betwixt him an' the Dootch Fallback. Are ye ready now?"

"Yis," said Quinn firmly, forage-cap in one hand, box in the other; "is the regiment outside on the parade?"

"It is, an' ready to cheer."

"Then in I go," said Quinn.

The colonel sat at the head of the table, flanked by his staff and line officers. His face, a little red with Christmas cheer, was gravely composed for the occasion. His officers, to a man, trembled with anticipation.

"Quinn," said the colonel.

"Sorr," said Quinn, standing at attention.

"This is a very pleasant occasion," said the colonel, "and I am gratified that my men have remembered their colonel upon this blessed day. I am told you have surprise for me, Quinn."

"Yis, sorr—a cat, sorr."

"A cat!" said the colonel, in affected surprise.

"We've lost our goat, sorr, but we'll console our sorrow wid a cat, sorr—Colonel Bannon's cat, if you plaze, sorr."

The colonel's eyes twinkled.

"'Tis a decent kitty, sorr," said Quinn, undoing the rope that held the lid: "a Dootch kitty they do say from Poland, sorr, where we sint for a dozen an' this is the pick o' them."

The colonel suppressed a smile; the officers gurgled.

"I have the spachless honor, sorr," said Quinn, placing the box on the table before the colonel—"I have the unmintionable deloight in presinting to our beloved colonel, in the name av his beloved rigiment, this illegant kitty!"

And he took off the lid. There was a silence. Suddenly a long, slender, black and white creature sprang from the box to the table, flourishing a beautiful bushy tail; there came a yell, a frightful stampede, a crash of glass, a piteous shriek from the colonel under the sofa: "Quinn! Quinn! Ye murtherin' scut! 'Tis a skoon! Usha, but I'll have vere life fur this night's work!"

And Quinn, taking his nose firmly in both hands, pranced away like one demented—fled for his life through the falling snow of that blessed Christmas night.

In the barracks of the Jägers were song and jest and Christmas cheer—shouting and feasting and heart-friendships, and the intermittent din of trombones.

Cassius, feeding to repletion in the kitchen with a bowl of rabbit stew between his knees, paused to hold his aching sides because it hurt him to laugh when he ate. Beside him on the floor, Thomas licked his whiskers, and yawned and stared into the dying fire.



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THE NAVY'S PERSONNEL

THE organization of officers and crew of a United States war vessel is interesting, but complicated, and the various grades, with their duties and their insignia of rank, are quite puzzling to civilians.

The officers of the navy are divided into two classes; the line, or navigating and fighting officers, and the staff, or specialists in certain branches of the service: the engineer, medical, pay, and construction corps, the civil engineers, the chaplains, etc.

The grades in the line of the navy, in their regular order, with their corresponding grades in the army, are as follows:

NAVAL GRADE	CORRESPONDING ARMY GRADE
Rear-admiral	Major-general
Commodore	Brigadier-general
Captain	Colonel
Commander	Lieutenant-colonel
Lieutenant-commander . . .	Major
Lieutenant	Captain
Lieutenant, junior grade . . .	First Lieutenant
Ensign	Second Lieutenant
Naval Cadet	Cadet

The engineer corps has but three distinctive titles for its grades: Chief engineer, passed assistant engineer, and assistant engineer; but they, as, indeed, do all the other staff officers, have "relative" rank from ensign to captain, but never as high as commodore, except when in charge of a bureau of the Navy Department.

To illustrate, a chief engineer may have the relative rank of commander, which entitles him to the distinctive insignia of a commander, with a slight difference at the collar, sleeve and shoulder, to denote the corps he belongs to.

The medical corps is graded thus: Medical director, medical inspector, surgeon, passed assistant surgeon, assistant surgeon.

The pay corps is made up of pay directors, pay inspectors, paymasters, passed assistant paymasters, assistant paymasters.

The construction corps has but two titles: Naval constructor and assistant naval constructor. The other staff corps have but one each: Chaplain, civil engineer, professor of mathematics.

On board ship the commanding officer may be a captain, or of any lower grade, according to the size of the ship. The next in rank is the executive officer, who is the mouthpiece of the commanding officer, and intrusted with the details of organization, tidiness, and the maintenance of discipline. Next comes the navigator, who "takes the sights," sets the courses, and superintends the navigating of the ship. The lieutenants and ensigns, unless detailed to some special duty, as, for instance, aid to the commanding officer, or "intelligence officer," who collects professional data in foreign ports, are "watch and divisional officers"; that is, they stand the deck watches and command gun divisions. There are usually from four to six watch and divisional officers. The naval cadets act as junior watch officers, junior divisional officers, and boat officers.

The duties of the engineer, medical and pay officers on board ship are sufficiently indicated by their titles.

Between the officers and the great body of enlisted men are the warrant officers: the boatswain, gunner, sailmaker, and carpenter.

Among the enlisted men the ratings and titles are numerous. The crew is divided into three classes: the seamen, artificers, and the special class. The following lists show the method of rating the crew, the petty officers corresponding closely to the non-commissioned officers of the army.

CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS

Seaman Class.—Chief master-at-arms, chief boatswain's mate, chief gunner's mate, chief gun captains, chief quartermasters. *Artificer Class.*—Chief machinists, chief carpenter's mates, chief electricians. *Special Class.*—Chief yeomen, pharmacists, bandmasters.

PETTY OFFICERS, FIRST CLASS

Seaman Class.—Master-at-arms, boatswain's mates, gunner's mates, gun captains, quartermasters, schoolmasters. *Artificer Class.*—Machinists, boilermakers, coppersmiths, blacksmiths, electricians, plumbers and fitters, sailmaker's mates, carpenter's mates, water-tenders. *Special Class.*—First musicians, yeomen.

PETTY OFFICERS, SECOND CLASS

Seaman Class.—Master-at-arms, boatswain's mates, gunner's mates, gun captains, quartermasters. *Artificer Class.*—Carpenter's mates, printers, electricians. *Special Class.*—Yeomen.

PETTY OFFICERS, THIRD CLASS

Seaman Class.—Master-at-arms, coxswains, gunner's mates, quartermasters. *Artificer Class.*—Carpenter's mates, painters. *Special Class.*—Yeomen.

SEAMEN, FIRST CLASS

Seaman Class.—Seamen-gunners, seamen, apprentices. *Artificer Class.*—Firemen. *Special Class.*—Musicians.

SEAMEN, SECOND CLASS

Seaman Class.—Ordinary seamen, apprentices. *Artificer Class.*—Firemen, shipwrights, sailmakers. *Special Class.*—Musicians, buglers.

SEAMEN, THIRD CLASS

Seaman Class.—Landsmen, apprentices. *Artificer Class.*—Coal passers. *Special Class.*—Baymen.

This makes a much varied array, but it is not surprising, in view of the complexity of a modern man-of-war, which requires a great variety of industries to develop her powers.

The annual pay of officers varies from five hundred dollars, for a naval cadet, to six thousand dollars, which is the sea pay of a rear-admiral. The lowest paid enlisted man is the apprentice, third class, who gets but nine dollars per month, while the highest paid are the chief machinists and chief masters-at-arms, who get, respectively, seventy and sixty-five dollars per month. Each officer, when at sea, is allowed thirty cents per diem for his rations. This he may commute into cash and add to his pay—for officers must pay for their food and uniforms out of their own pockets. The rations may be drawn in kind if so desired.

The rank, title and corps of an officer are indicated by the bands of lace on his sleeve and the insignia on the collar of his blouse or on his shoulder-straps. The collar and shoulder-strap insignia are identical, and consist of two parts—the corps device and the rank mark.

The corps devices are as follows:

Line, a foul anchor; engineer corps, a four-pointed oak-leaf; medical corps, a single oak-leaf, with one acorn; pay corps, an oak sprig, with three leaves and three acorns; construction corps, an oak sprig, with one leaf and one acorn.

To designate an officer's rank or relative rank there is, besides the corps device on the blouse collar, and each side of it on the shoulder-strap, one of the following rank marks:

Rear-admiral, two silver stars; commodore, one silver star; captain, a silver spread-eagle; commander, a silver oak-leaf; lieutenant-commander, a gold oak-leaf; lieutenant, two silver bars; lieutenant, junior grade, one silver bar; ensign, corps device only, in silver; naval cadet, corps device only, in gold.

The sleeve bands, in gold lace, are as follows:

Rear-admiral, one one-inch and one half-inch band; commodore, one one-inch band; captain, four half-inch bands; commander, three half-inch bands; lieutenant-commander, one quarter-inch between two half-inch bands; lieutenant, two half-inch bands; lieutenant, junior grade, one half-inch and one quarter-inch band; ensign, one half-inch band; naval cadet, one quarter-inch band.

Line officers always have a gold star just above the sleeve band.

The staff officers wear the same bands as the line officers of same relative rank, but between them, or on the edges when there is only one, cloth strips of the following colors are sewed: Engineer corps, red; pay corps, white; medical corps, maroon; construction corps, blue.

Warrant officers wear only the collar devices peculiar to their grades, namely: Boatswains, two crossed anchors; gunners, a flaming bomb; carpenters, a carpenter's square; sailmakers, a diamond.

The distinguishing devices of petty officers, worn on the sleeve, are many. They are of two kinds: chevrons, in red cloth, which denote the grade of petty officer (three, with an arch, being for chief petty officers), and the other indicating the man's duties. The principal of these are: Engineers' division, a three-bladed propeller; masters-at-arms, a star; quartermasters, a ship's wheel; yeomen, a pair of keys; writers, a pair of quill pens; printers and schoolmasters, an open book; pharmacists, a caduceus; gunner's gang, two crossed guns; carpenter's gang, two crossed axes; sailmaker's gang, a "spec-tacle-iron"; blacksmiths, two crossed welding hammers; boatswain's mates, two crossed anchors.

The duties of most of the men on board ship are plainly indicated by their titles. Others, though, require some definition for the benefit of people on shore. For instance, the master-at-arms is the ship's chief of police and the custodian of the prisoners; quartermasters are steersmen and signalmen; yeomen are clerks and storekeepers; and baymen are sick-bay nurses.

FARMERS BREAK THE BUGGY MONOPOLY.

It is claimed that for years buggy manufacturers have secured exorbitant prices for their goods, but recently, through the combined assistance of the farmers of Iowa, Illinois and other States, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., of Chicago, have got the price of open buggies down to \$16.50; Top Buggies, \$22.75; Top Surries, \$43.75 and upward, and they are shipping them in immense numbers direct to farmers in every State. They send an immense Buggy Catalogue free, postpaid, to any one who asks for it. This certainly is a big victory for the farmer, but a severe blow to the carriage manufacturers and dealers.



MEN MANNERS AND MOODS

LXXXVIII



FOR ALL amazing things, could anything be more so than this Druce-Harmer-Portland affair? I give it that mosaic-work name in despair of finding a better, and I take for granted that American newspapers have already made it a topic of widest discussion. England really seems quite convulsed on the subject, and if it ever gets into court, as the saying goes, it will probably overshadow the Tichborne case with a towering majesty

of scandal. That the fifth Duke of Portland was probably either afflicted with leprosy or else with a morbid nervous disease which made him afraid of being looked at by his fellowman, I remember long ago having heard. But a different matter indeed is to hint that fratricide was the secret of his strange conduct, that his real heir is a grandson who has never yet borne the Cavendish-Bentinck name, and that guilty dread not only caused him to build the famed subterranean galleries at Welbeck Abbey, but also to cover himself with the refuge of first one *alias*, that of Druce, and then another, that of Harmer. Of course there is strong chance that the whole flamboyant matter may never become a *cause célèbre*. An attempt to oust the Duke of Portland from his present position readily presents itself as an idea flavoring of the ludicrous. And yet what if the "sham burial" of Druce should really be proved by the discovery that his coffin did contain a lot of lead in place of mouldering human bones? Even then only a new snarl would be added to the general tangle of mystery. Life sometimes irritates the artistic observer of it by becoming as sensational and turgid as one of Dickens's worst plots. But the great truth remains: life is only melodrama incidentally; in a perpetual and generic sense, it is either comedy or tragedy, these alone. When it revels in the extraordinary it still remains, if you please, either comic or tragic. But then it has such an unfortunate way of resembling Miss Braddon and Wilkie Collins that we can imagine Braddons and Collinsians crying out to us, "Now, there! And you presume to tell us that our divinities misrepresented life, when this Druce-Harmer-Portland case, if true, argues directly to the contrary!"

Whereupon one can only reply: "Everything happens." That we cheerfully admit. But nothing happens in the mechanical, cut-and-dried way of the usual popular romancer. Life is a good dramatist, but a bad playwright. She has plenty of "red fire," if you please, but she does not put it into lanterns and hang it at regular intervals along the pathways of her developments. To study her carefully is to concern yourself with a maze of inconsistencies, self-contradictions. Behind her vivid actualities the mystery of human motive spreads. He who can best reveal a single shadowy furlong of that dim topography can best deserve the tale-teller's highest literary title.

Speaking of lanterns, I am reminded of the illuminations which so often decorate Venice by night, and the gala manifestations which are so frequent a feature of her more wakeful hours. Since I have been here she has had two political holidays, and one of a religious kind. Next week she will celebrate her deliverance, in 1848, from Austrian domination—whatever mournful disasters ensued in succeeding decades. The truth is, poor Venice has been so heavily weighted with the rôle of a history-maker, that her victorious battles and triumphant treaties keep her hands full, as one might say, in regard to anniversaries. These, with her multitudinous "saints' days," leave her in an almost perpetual condition of gladsome yet gentle *féte*. In the large *Campo di Francesco Morosini*, which I constantly cross, as it almost verges on my chambers overlooking the Grand Canal, preparations are now being reared (long upright poles, with numberless wire hooks from which little luminous balloons will doubtless depend) for the rejoicings of next Tuesday. And so it forever goes on. The people here never seem to forget their past. Indeed one might almost declare that Venice has no present at all—that her future, so to speak, is all a series of mild, lazy and merry yesterdays. Spring is already touching her with necromantic witcheries. For three or four mornings I have waked up to find her swathed in pearly sea-mists. From my window the near dome of *Tanta Maria della Salute* is an architectural phantom. The drowsy old structures, with their wave-washed marble stairs, remind me of Tennyson's ethereal line,

"Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces."

Gondolas, too, gliding over waters of a blotted, milky emerald, have the fairy insubstantiality of dream. Then, in an hour or two, all this wizard vagueness melts away. The sun, with sovereign pomp, blazes forth, and you see Venice as Turner's incomparable brush painted it. Afterward the skies assume that curious indigo translucence which is at once the

delight of art and its despair. Slumberous pinks, purples and saffrons gleam out on the walls of tired-looking old edifices, where dead Venetian nobles dwelt and reveled, in vanished centuries. Enormous reflections of these buildings are plunged into the tides below them, and lie shimmering there with a splendid effect of subversion. The silver-feathered gulls have gone far out upon the lagoons, glorying in such clement vernal hints. You pass out into the squares, and lo, already certain beggars have found their beloved resting-spots, and lie flat on their stomachs, or half coiled on their sides, like monstrous ragged lizards, with perhaps a rusty hat slanted over their tawny faces. Noon dies; the afternoon magnificently matures. Throngs of gondolas, like swarms of huge black swans, crowd the Bacino, the Giudecca, the chief waterways of this liquid-streeted metropolis. Some are evidently private, with sumptuous inward and outward carvings, with two rapid-sculling gondoliers in liveries of scarlet and gold. Their occupants, of both sexes, have the true Venetian tintings, a swarthiness of skin, dull blond hair, with darker brows and eyes—the combinations cherished by Titian, Tintoretto and Paul Veronese. But hosts of tourists are also revealed. You know them all at a glance—the yellow-tressed, stoutish Austrians, the sedate and demure English, the cleaner-outlined and more vivacious Americans. But even if they lack affirmative racial signs, the cardinal-red of their Baedekers will be sure to betray them as tourists. . . . Then twilight falls, and the perishing spell of winter reasserts itself, though with usurpation tender if chill. The stars come later, burning forth with a kind of mellow reassurance, a golden ex-postulation. . . . Yes, it is really spring, not yet regnant or eccentric, but fitfully, intermittently, deliciously assertive, none the less. Morning, if you will, denied it; midday affirmed it; afternoon emphasized it; the gloaming doubted it; and now the night realleges it, with planets and constellations ripened into furtive tropic fire.

Here is the sort of thing, truculent, insolent, narrow-minded, which is designed to make the American Anglophobe give a wrathful sidelong look at the chip which permanently epaulets one of his shoulders. I find it printed in the Paris edition of the New York "Herald," a journal whose imprudence in printing it at all can only be excused on the ground of a desire to punish the author for denuding himself of dignity, not to say decency as well. Still, the "Herald" has erred, even postulating that its impulse has been of just this punitive sort. The persons who indulge in rowdy cacklings always prefer for them, alas, as large an auditorium as they can secure:

"IF PORTUGAL SHOULD JOIN IN

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

"If you Yankees are singing 'God Save the Queen' and cheering English flags simply because a fifth-class Power is making faces at you, you would probably be on your knees praying for Old England's help if Portugal should turn up her nose too. What a lot of braggarts you are any way. You howl for war, and then when there is a chance of its coming, you howl for help.

A. G. ANDERSON.

"PARIS, MARCH 16, 1898."

Mr. Anderson is presumably an Englishman living in Paris. The "you Yankees" part of his refined epistle makes that important fact evident. One might say that the thinnest little elfin pipe of the most microscopic midge was a thunderous trumpet compared with his quoted bit of spleen. Nevertheless, in a carpenter's shop full of shavings we all know what a cigar-ash can do. There are many Americans quite silly enough to believe that this Mr. A. G. Anderson is a "typical Briton," instead of being a harmless yet malevolent goose. No one who has associated with English folk of either the higher, middle or intelligent lower classes would to-day dare, if at all honorable, to give his oath that our country is ever discussed by them in any such terms as those of this scurrilous screed. The grumbling Englishman is to be found everywhere; he will grumble at Mr. McKinley; he will grumble at Lord Salisbury; he will grumble at himself; he is the very incarnation of crustiness. But it is not true that the spirit expressed by Mr. Anderson has any marked and multiplied vitality in Great Britain. Why then should his fatuous letter be published at the very time when a real thrill of blended maternal-filial feeling (with which, let us hope, commercial interests have not too much concern!) has vibrated between the two countries? One can scarcely blame the writer for having composed and posted his communication; one does not blame a mouse for nibbling, or a wasp for her wee dirk. But that a journal which advocates peace should yield its columns to such trumpery belligerence? That, as they say here in Italy, is *tutt' altro*, quite another tale.

I spoke, not long ago, of the silence in cableless, 'busless, pavementless Venice, but now, since the evenings have grown milder, I am tempted to speak of its characteristic sounds. These are mainly vocal, and whether you thread the dusky little *calle*, or streets, whether you sit in a room whose windows give, as do mine, upon the Grand Canal, human voices, lowered or lifted in all diverse keys of song, forever greet you. It is not wonderful singing, and at times it is almost obstreperously out of tune.

But it discloses the joyous, juvenile temperament of the Venetians, which centuries of saddening warfare and civic turmoil have been powerless to crush. Already, in the quiet of early night, when empurpled heavens begin to bear, as I have recorded, a richer stellar fruitage, and when blander breezes begin wooingly to roam the dimness, one hears a sudden burst of melody, "opes his casement" (as the high-collared old phraseology used to have it), and sees below him a boat brilliantly festooned with multicolored lampions. Every occupant is a shadow, but there rises from the socially ghostlike group a chorus of indescribable appeal. It is the buoyancy and blitheness of the Venetian soul, concentrated in words like "amore" and "cielo," in *andantes* and *arpeggios* like those of Donizetti, or Bellini, or the Verdi of his "Trovatore" and "Traviata" time. The passing *barca* makes a transient efflorescence of Titianesque damasks and ochers. For a moment music and color seem inextricably fused. The fascinating pageant (it is only some band of innocent merrymakers) now slides into distance. But voices from other boats, from brine-lapped edges of neighbor streets, catch up its refrains, echo its *crescendos* and its "dying falls." Often, of late, since my nights here in Venice have grown more inviting, that lovely stanza of Longfellow's has haunted my brain—

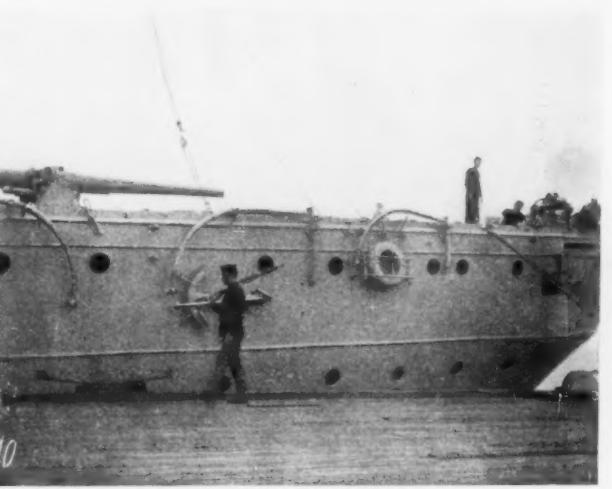
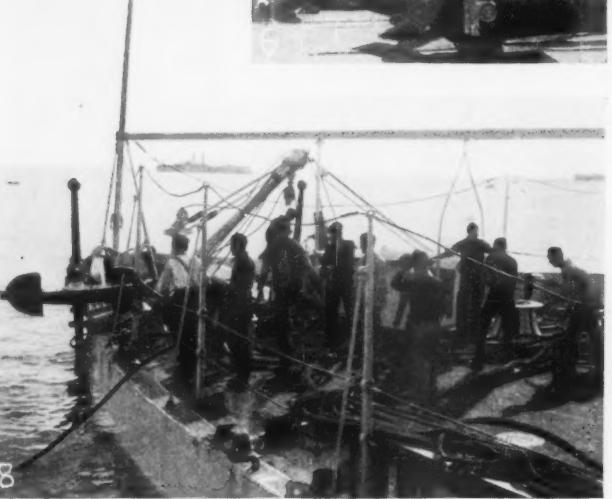
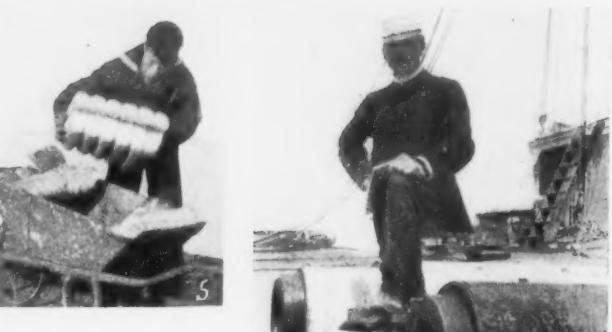
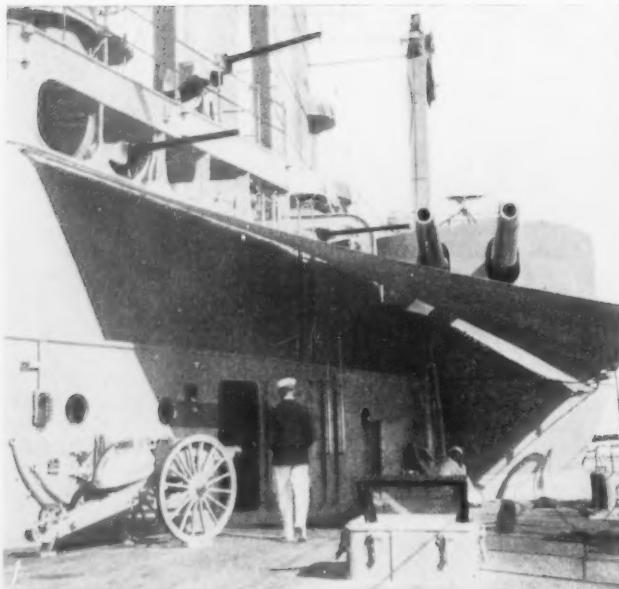
"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold up their tents like the Arabs
And silently steal away."

Certain cares, it must be conceded, however, do infest the day. One, when I first came here, was the mammoth and pompous insufficiency of the Venetian stove. I know that foreigners' railings against it are immemorial. Let me add mine to the list, even though already it stretch to the crack o' doom. You are shivering; the wind blows easterly; the skies glower drab; the wise gulls are wheeling shoreward; you fill your canary-colored lumox of a store with fagots innumerable. You wait; you hear your fuel crackle and snap; you have made a fine fire enough, but you can't get a ray of heat from it until the thick plaster cube of the engine itself has become thoroughly warmed. This process occupies about an hour. Then arrives a merciful change. When the huge, horrid, unblushing thing has consented to *warm itself* it will condescend tepidly to accommodate you—but never before. . . . Another ghastly nuisance I have found in the gondoliers. Certain annualists have mentioned them in a kindly vein. Their experiences have been luckier than mine. Recently I was overcharged by one of their high-minded clan, and quietly, on hearing his demands, I pointed to the framed tariff-list of fares which it is compulsory for all gondolas to carry. "Tarifa!" I said. My boatman's face became a thundercloud. "Ah, *tarifa!*" he growled, and flung the money which I had just given him ragefully on one of the seats. I observed, however, that it landed in a very safe place, whence he could catch it up and pocket it as soon as my back was turned. If two foreigners wish to engage a gondolier, he will smilingly inform them that they must pay their one *lira*, or whatever the required legal fare may be, *twice over*. That is, he will try to exact from each person what he knows very well he has no right to exact save for both together. "Pazunzu," you are advised, in your dealings with these picturesque, rakish-looking swindlers—not a few of whom, it must be confessed, are admirably handsome fellows. But the *bel air* and statuesque pose of Bepo and Pasquale cannot blind you to their depravity. The most one can say for all Venetian gondoliers, I am now convinced, is that they don't look the scamps they are.

I sometimes think, however, that we Americans are less merciful in our treatment of the Italian throughout all his peninsular haunts than is any other race that visits and observes him. And why should not this be so? I can't speak with much confidence on the subject of Chicago, Boston, and certain towns of a kindred size; but in one town, now by far the largest that America contains, it must be granted that the Italian has grown a very every-day person. New Yorkers who know their New York at all well have met him in numerous phases. True, they have not often seen him as a gentleman, and of the occasions when he has thus appeared I do not at all aim to treat. But as a member of the big *leve vulgus* they have watched him play many parts. They have observed him, leather-skinned and gnome-like, cleaning the streets; they have grown intimately acquainted with him, black-mustached, affable and nimble, as a barber; they have been served by him, as a restaurant-waiter, with *spaghetti* and *risotto*; they have become at least fleetingly tangential with him as a beggar; they have found him in a state of metropolitan ubiquity as a boot-blacker. I often feel that our grandfathers and great-grandfathers realized Italy in all her best authentic freshness, all her sweetest fret and tang and sting. But, then, I am over-heedless. It is, in the first place, rather generally insisted that we have had few grandfathers and no great-grandfathers to speak of; and, in the second place, how small a number of our progenitors ever visited Italy at all!

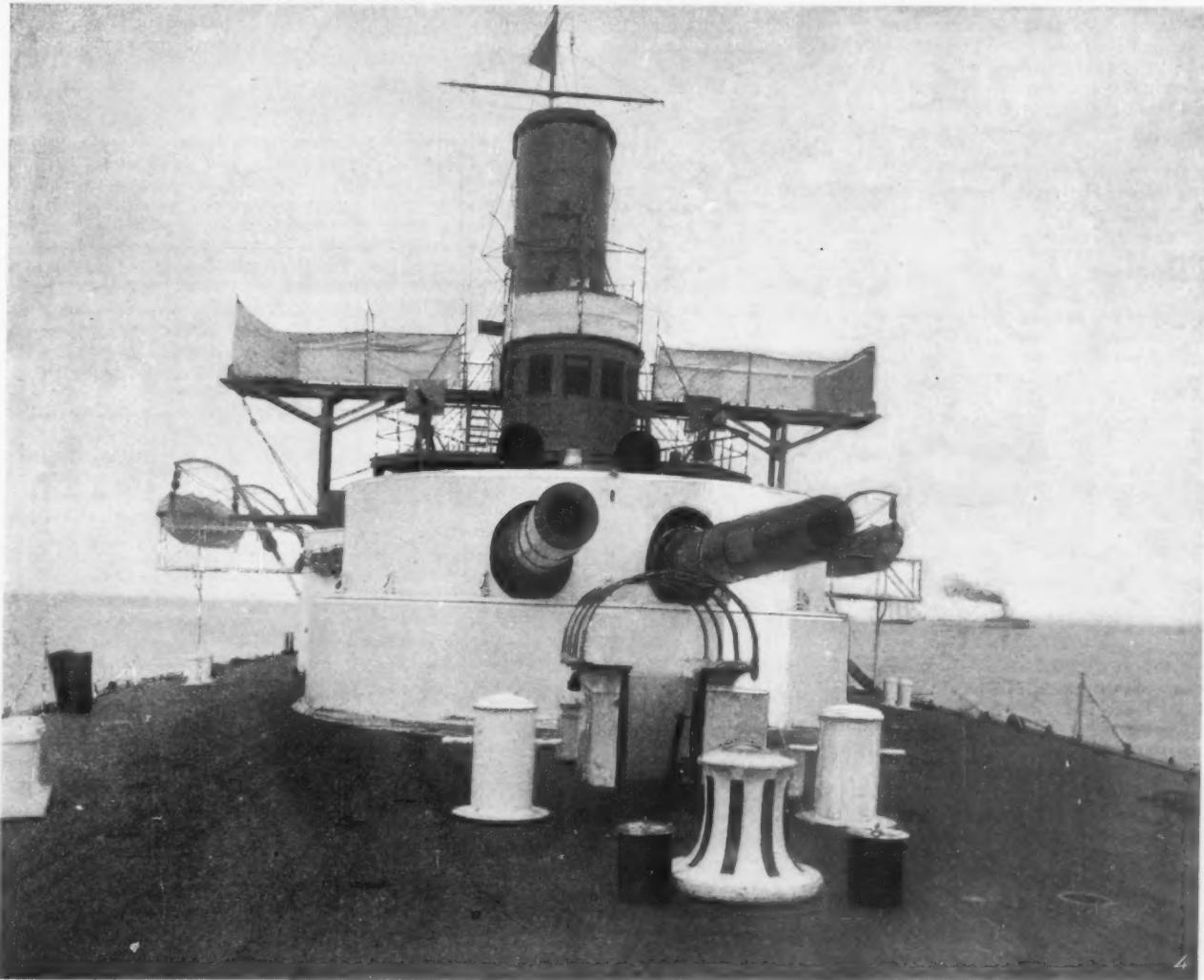
VENICE, APRIL 1898.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



WITH THE FLEET AT KEY WEST

1. On the "Iowa's" Quarter-Deck.
2. Wardroom Furniture sent Ashore.
3. Canister for Main Battery Guns.
4. Coaling a Torpedo Boat.
5. Provisions from Shore.
6. The "Maine's" Boatswain and Two of his Ship's Guns.
7. A Bit of the Shore-Line.
8. Forward on the "Puritan."
9. Stowing the "Iowa's" Boats.
10. The "Marblehead" (aft) Stripped for Action.



WITH THE FLEET AT KEY WEST

1. Officers of the "Puritan."
2. "The Men behind the Gun."
3. To be seen at any Time of Day on any Ship of the Fleet.
4. Forward on the "Puritan," Stripped for Action.

THE LAST ACT

I TRIED in vain to work. I had had a good supper, and was seated at a table in my room with pen and paper before me, but the thoughts would not come. Instead of being able to conjure up the scenes in which my characters must live and move, I saw before me only the squalid little room upstairs, and the old Bohemian—suffering.

My landlady, when I came in that afternoon, had said to me: "I wish you'd go up and see Mr. Froebel, sir, if you can. He's in a bad way, I think. I'm really afraid that he's had nothing to eat to-day."

Of course I went. I found the old man surrounded, as usual, by a heap of littered papers, and, as usual, his pen was in his hand and—he was staring vacantly out of the window.

He had hardly noticed my entrance. I spoke cheerfully to him and asked him how his work was getting along.

"Not—very—well," he said, hesitatingly. "Not—very well—I'm afraid. I can't get the various parts of this dramatic puzzle to fit."

I noted that the room was bare. The landlady had told me that the old man had not been out of the house all day. There were no signs of food about the room. There was a hungry look in his eyes. Blushing as I did so, I told the old man that I was lonely and in need of company, and I told him it would be a favor if he would bear me company to dinner. He blushed, in reply, having fathomed the depth of my lie. His mouth seemed to water at the thought of a meal, but with a firm and gentle courtesy he declined. Baffled in any attempt to aid him, I had finally sought my own quarters.

Bernard Froebel and I had been acquainted about three months. I had occupied my rooms in West Forty-third Street for two years. Three months ago Bernard Froebel moved in. His personal belongings were meager. The greater part of his luggage consisted of dusty manuscripts of plays. When I had come to know him he said to me:

"I am a playwright." When I knew him better and something like friendship had sprung up between us, he said: "I have been writing plays for twenty years. I never had one accepted."

I was young enough to be his son. I was drawn to be his friend. I had no relations, lived a lonely life, and I felt a great pity, an immense sympathy, for this poor, old, wasted life. I am glad now to think that I did what I could to make the burden of life a little lighter for him. Froebel was not a pessimist. He had no crazy ideas, like so many playwrights, that the theatrical managers were in league against him to refuse his plays. When a play was declined, he would be as ready as the critics to admit its faults. "They are quite right," he often said to me; "the fault is in the work." And then he would close his jaws in a determined sort of way, and I have heard him mutter at these times: "I will do it yet."

About a month before the evening of which I am speaking, Froebel and I were taking dinner in a little French cafe I knew of—soup, fish, two entrees, the roti, dessert and a bottle of vin ordinaire for fifty cents—very good, too, I assure you—and after dinner the old man had read me one of his plays. It seemed to

be wonderfully bright and original, and, as he recited the various scenes, I could not understand why such a play should not make a success.

"But they refused it to-day," said Froebel, sadly. "It has made the rounds, as so many of my plays have made the rounds before, and—no one wants it."

I had read many of the old man's plays and had not read one that I did not like. At the dinner in the little cafe I discussed them with their author, and we argued as to their merits and demerits. The old man brightened up considerably under the influence of my belief in him and confidence in his ability, and, after the cigars, he sat silent for some time. Suddenly he stood up and, looking at me earnestly, said:

"I believe I've got it. It is my imagination that is defective. All that I have ever written has been the fancy of my brain. My characters have been my own creations; their words I have spoken, their actions I have imagined. I have failed for lack of knowledge of nature—of human nature. I will write another play, one more. I will construct it from the incidents of my own life. I will be the principal character. I know what I would do under certain conditions; I know what I have done. Thus I can make my characters act as I know they have acted: they will be absolutely true to life. What do you think of it?"

I was not there to discourage the old man, but to hearten him up. I told him that I thought it was a splendid idea—indeed, I thought it was. The old man grew enthusiastic and wanted to go home at once to begin on the new play—the play that was to succeed at last.

Since that evening I had seen very little of Bernard Froebel. I had been very busy, having regular employment with the magazines. Therefore, although I knew that the old man's finances must be at a low ebb, it was with considerable of a shock that I came to realize that he was probably starving.

I could not work; my thoughts strayed incessantly to the old man upstairs. I had had a good supper; it was hard to realize that Froebel was lacking food. I could not endure the thought. I went downstairs and out of the house. I hurried to a nearby restaurant and procured a nice game pie, a pat of butter, some rolls, and a bottle of wine. Armed with this I went to Froebel's room.

I found the door locked. This was unusual. To my knock the old man came close to the door and asked: "Who is there?"

"It is I, Froebel; let me in," I cried.

"Unless it's important I wish you'd excuse me," he said, still keeping the door shut. "I'm very busy."

"Oh, open, man!" I cried; "I've something to say to you."

Slowly he opened the door, and, bearing my burden of eatables, shamefacedly, I entered. By the light of a smoky kerosene lamp I noticed that Froebel's eyes were red. He looked as if he might have been weeping.

"It's my birthday to-day," I said, with an attempt at a laugh, "and I want to celebrate. I forgot all about it until just now, and then I felt it was not fitting for me to celebrate alone. Besides, I sold an article to-day, so I went downstairs, bought

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some grub and came up here to enjoy your company. Come on, old friend, let us eat and drink and be merry."

"Thanks — no — I do — not — care — to — eat. You — will — excuse — me," he said, haltingly, and with many a strange glance toward the food. "I have — already — had — my — ah — supper. A — hearty — supper — thank — you."

I knew he lied to save his self-respect, but what could I do? The old man was trembling with weakness and hunger. My presence seemed to worry him. To save the awkward situation, I said hurriedly:

"How's the new play getting along?"

This was familiar ground, and soon the old man had sorted the manuscript, and in a weak voice and with many a cough was reading passages from the play to me. I cannot give the play, scene for scene, but, as I remember it, it was to be in four acts. It was, with very slight variation, the story of the old man's life—a very simple, kindly, lovable life. The action was unstudied and natural; there was no hint of melodrama, no element of comedy—a quiet, quaint, simply play that touched the finer chords of human sympathy and brought tears close to the eyes.

As the old man read on I could imagine I saw him on the stage, acting the part of his principal character, his gray hairs, his furrowed face, his halting voice, his pathetic story, all appealing to the hearts and sympathies of his audience, and, as he laid the manuscript down, I choked back the sob that rose in my throat.

"I have not begun the last act yet," said Froebel. "I—do—not—know—how—to end—it."

"Why, I'll tell you," I cried, with a burst of hopeful confidence. "In your last act make good fortune come to your hero—yourself. Have the play accepted and a great success, and have riches pour in upon the long-disappointed playwright so that, at last, he can leave behind forever the misery and squallor of keen poverty; so that he can move into the country, fresh and green, buy a little home with trailing vines and flower-beds about it, and live there, in peace and happiness, all his days."

It was nearly midnight when I left him. He was tired, and was going to bed, he said. In the morning he would try to finish the last act.

In the morning, before I went to get my breakfast, I ran up to Froebel's room. The door was locked. I knocked, but received no response. I knocked again, louder. From inside there came no sign. I summoned the landlady. With her permission I forced the crazy door inward, snapping the lock.

The old man sat in his chair by the window. The poor old head was bent forward on a pile of manuscript. The morning sun, beating through the broken shutters, shone brightly on his silvered hair. I went over and touched him on the shoulder.

The old man's pen was in his cramped and rigid hand. Close to it was a sheet of paper on which

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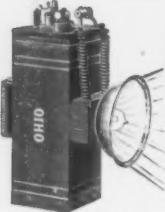
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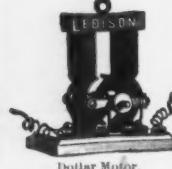
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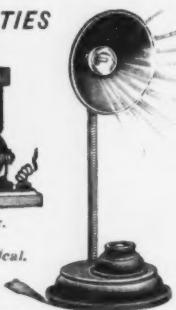
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